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EGYPT.

THE discussion of Thursday in the Lower House on the Egyptian Convention had little real interest or importance; nor was there much more of either in the brief conversation on the same subject in the Upper House two days earlier. When Lord SALISBURY said in the House of Lords on Tuesday that the day after to-morrow had been definitely settled for the ratification of the Egyptian Convention, he meant, of course, that it would on that day either be definitely ratified or definitely refused by Turkey. We have made no secret of our own preference for a refusal, and we are glad to find that most organs of public opinion have gradually come to express the views, the utterance of which here has never varied. It was, we repeat, unavoidable after the engagements which Mr. GLADSTONE's Government made, and the expectations which it held out that something should be done, in Scotch phrase, to "implement" the pledges which a responsible English Government had so unwisely given. Those Gladstonians who, as good-natured and charitable persons hope, write about Egypt in a state of convenient but complete ignorance; who, as unkind and uncharitable persons say, deliberately ignore the truth for party purposes, may talk as if there had been no disinterested protocols, no joint notes, no Conventions, no Conferences, no Lord GRANVILLE, "no nothing." They may affect to think the naming of a time for quitting Egypt a horrid invention of the present PRIME MINISTER's, and perhaps they may really forget that a very distinguished member of Mr. GLADSTONE's Government once definitely mentioned six months. Other persons with less partisan purposes, and justly convinced of the importance of Egypt to England, may lose sight of facts and probabilities in their chagrin at the mere notion of Egypt being given up. But it was impossible that any tolerably impartial person studying the facts, and not under the influence of some special idea, should fail sooner or later to see, first that the present Government had no choice but to do something of the kind; and, secondly, that if the Convention could be offered and refused, a very great advantage would be gained for England. We take no particular credit to ourselves for having seen both things rather earlier than others, but it is certain that the others appear to be coming round rapidly.

It is impossible to admit what is urged by the less unscrupulous denouncers of the Convention that England, even if it is not accepted, is put in a worse position than before by the fact of its proposal. On the contrary, the truth which seems to be more and more gaining acceptance is that the English position would by such a case be immensely strengthened. We should be in the position of the Quaker in LAMB's story who, when he had made offer to satisfy the landlady's just demands, and was met by an insistence on unjust ones, put his money in his pocket, marched out of the house, and pursued his journey with a quiet mind. It is a fact that the extraordinary blundering of Mr. GLADSTONE gave those foreign Powers who wished to make themselves unpleasant an excuse for politely reminding England from time to time of Mr. GLADSTONE's pledges, and suggesting in commercial phrase that a settlement would be agreeable. It is also a fact that there was some colour for this proceeding of theirs, and that the proceeding itself was infinitely inconvenient. We have now made an attempt, in the shape of the DRUMMOND-WOLFF Convention, to make the settlement. It is known

that it is regarded (or would be regarded, if it were not for meddlers) by one party very much concerned—to wit, Turkey—as a just and liberal settlement. It is known that European Powers who are fairly impartial, such as Germany and Austria and Italy, are willing to approve it. It is further known that one of the objectors, Russia, has only a technical *locus standi*, has no real interest concerned, and is merely using her technical and accidental rights as a lever to put force on in reference to other matters. It is perfectly impossible that, in such a condition of things, the rejection of the Convention, in consequence of Russian and French interference, should not carry with it a great enlargement of English freedom of action. For it must never be forgotten that the terms of right, of law, of moral obligations, and such like are transferred from individuals to nations with analogical rather than direct force. It is most desirable that national good faith should be kept even where, as in this case, the obligation arises from the act of bad and unprofitable servants. But it certainly is not incumbent on a nation, as it may perhaps be on an individual, to regard the payment of vague debts incurred for it as an interminable and sacred obligation, never to be got rid of except by discharge, according to the good pleasure of the creditor. All that is incumbent on a nation in such a case is to make a fair and reasonable offer. It is beyond question that the offer now made is fair and reasonable, and for those on the other side it is *à prendre ou à laisser*.

But what if they take it? Here naturally opinion has not made the same progress as it has in reference to the other alternative. It is declared that the ratification of the Convention would be a fatal blow to English influence; and, with the chicanery too usual in such controversies, the admissions of its partial defenders that its provisions are not intrinsically grateful, that its negotiation has been unnecessarily protracted and expensive, and so forth, are twisted into arguments against it. The answer to this is easy enough. We do not profess to like the Convention *per se*, or as anything but a not too disagreeable way out of the obligations imposed upon us by Mr. GLADSTONE. But, if it is so fatal to English influence, if it amounts to casting away the fruit of our five years' work in Egypt, and all the rest of it, will those of its denouncers who have a little knowledge and a little intelligence explain to us how it is that France and Russia have opposed it so violently? For that they have opposed it violently there is no doubt whatever. The reported threats of war, of invasions from Greece, from Erzeroum, from the Mountains of the Moon, for aught we know, may be half falsehood and half coffee-house babble. The Russian demands for the indemnity have been made so often, and are so obviously impossible of settlement, that it is not likely much impression would be made upon the Porte by them. *Cantat vacuus*; you cannot get indemnities out of a Turkish Exchequer. But there is no doubt whatever that the most vigorous opposition has been offered by both these Powers to the Convention; and, on the showing both of unscrupulous Gladstonians and of somewhat one-idea'd occupationists, we should be very glad indeed to know how and why this is! If we are throwing away our influence in Egypt, who but France ought to rejoice at that! If we are relinquishing our hold on the Suez Canal, is that a matter for Russia to breathe the fire and sword about? The truth, of course, is that France (as the *Débats* has distinctly admitted) knows perfectly well that European acceptance of the Convention means European acquiescence in an English protectorate of Egypt, and

that Russia, seeing advantage for England in the arrangement, either opposes it on that ground or makes a sham opposition in the hope of a *solutum* elsewhere. There is no way out of the dilemma. Either France and Russia, one of which is morbidly sensitive to the least alteration in the direction of strengthening English influence in Egypt, while the other is proverbial for unscrupulous clear-sightedness in diplomacy—either these two Powers are senselessly opposing what they ought to be doing all in their power to hurry on, or else the Convention, however unpalatable to English pride some of its articles may be, is in effect a perpetual lease of Egypt to England. No Gladstonian, however reckless or however ignorant, no Jingo of the *vieille roche*, however honestly determined to see nothing but his country's advantage, has attempted or has at least been able to answer this question:—If the Convention is really so destructive of England's influence in Egypt, how is it that the only two Powers who may be regarded as hostile to England, and especially to England in Egypt, are fighting tooth and nail to prevent its acceptance?

LORD HARTINGTON IN LANCASHIRE.

LORD HARTINGTON'S speeches at Manchester and Blackburn were the only interruptions of the truce which had been tacitly concluded during the Jubilee. He took the opportunity of answering Mr. GLADSTONE'S invitation to enter into new negotiations with himself. It was unnecessary to meet by a direct refusal an overture which can scarcely have been serious. If there had been any reason or pretext for compromise, Lord HARTINGTON suggests one difficulty which would alone be fatal to the project. It seems that he still retains with respectable pertinacity an earnest desire for the reunion of the Liberal party; but before the terms of reconciliation can be usefully discussed it is necessary to ascertain who are to be the parties to the compact. While Lord HARTINGTON has, it seems, no insuperable objection to a renewed connexion with his former colleagues and their followers, he wholly declines co-operation in any form with Mr. PARNELL and the Irish Nationalists. Mr. GLADSTONE was apparently of the same mind, when he appealed a year or two ago to the country to give him a majority large enough to make him independent of Parnellite support. It was not till his hopes were disappointed that he became an enthusiastic convert to the doctrine of Home Rule. He now regards Mr. PARNELL'S contingent as an important section of the Liberal party, or rather as its nucleus and centre; and consequently any new combination which he may form must include his new allies. The House of Commons has been surprised, if not edified, during the whole course of the present Session by the earnest attention and the appreciative applause which Mr. GLADSTONE has bestowed on the speeches of Mr. SEXTON, Mr. HEALY, and perhaps Dr. TANNER. In embracing their principles and approving their methods, their friend and patron has displayed the proverbial zeal of a proselyte. He could scarcely throw them over if repudiation of their support were made the condition of a more creditable alliance. If he were inclined to desert his new friends, he would certainly not concur in an arrangement which would leave the reunited Liberal party in a small minority. In short, Mr. GLADSTONE cannot dispense with the coalition which he has formed, and Lord HARTINGTON refuses to join it. As long as the incompatibility continues, it is useless to discuss the possible modifications which might render last year's Bills more acceptable in substance or in appearance. Mr. GLADSTONE, when he proposed a meeting with Lord HARTINGTON, announced, in language of characteristic ambiguity, that his Bills of 1886 were dead, and that he was open to conviction as to any alterations which might be desired. His subordinate prophets interpret his utterances as proofs of his willingness to make indefinitely large concessions, and they consequently reproach the Liberal Unionists with their perverse rejection of friendly offers. To Mr. GLADSTONE it perhaps seems an easy task to frame a Home Rule Bill which should be apparently unobjectionable; but persons are less liable than phrases to sophistical manipulation. Dr. TANNER and, it may be added, Mr. CONYBEARE and Mr. LABOUCHERE cannot be explained away. Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN earnestly pleads for recognition of the claims of Irish members, even when they are encouraging rebellion in Ireland and preventing the conduct of business in Parliament. Lord HARTINGTON is, like Mr. BRIGHT, less

tolerant of sedition and of obstruction, and he declines to associate himself with Mr. PARNELL and his followers.

In the Free-Trade Hall at Manchester Lord HARTINGTON dwelt at some length on the supposed demand for a long series of Liberal measures. His attachment to the principles which he has uniformly maintained probably becomes almost more earnest as he is every day more closely identified with opposition to a revolutionary measure. Further experience will perhaps convince him that Home Rule is not the only revolutionary measure to be apprehended. In addressing a Liberal audience he naturally vindicates the consistency of that portion of the party which has refused to follow Mr. GLADSTONE. His immediate object was to recommend electoral organization, and the early selection of suitable candidates for seats which are now held, or which may possibly be won, by the Liberal Unionists. It is much to be wished that their strength in the House of Commons should be increased, if their gains are secured at the expense of the Gladstonian faction; but their success will, in almost all cases, depend on the co-operation or forbearance of their Conservative allies. It may, indeed, be hoped that the crimes and follies of members of the Opposition have alienated from their cause a great number of instructed and intelligent politicians; but it is a slow process to teach the mass of the constituency to change the colour of their flag, and the local associations are still organized and directed by Mr. SCHNADHORST. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S energy and ability have apparently rescued Birmingham from the Separatists, but the example of the home and birthplace of the Caucus has not yet been widely followed. If the Liberal party could be separately polled, the section which adheres to Mr. GLADSTONE would almost everywhere command a numerical majority. On the other hand, the Liberal Unionists, with the addition of the Conservatives, would in many cases outnumber their adversaries. It is not improbable that the movement which has begun among the most intelligent of Mr. GLADSTONE'S followers will gradually extend downwards. The address which has been presented to Lord HARTINGTON by the Liberal resident graduates of Oxford and Cambridge shows a remarkable growth of instructed opinion. In two or three years the process of conversion may perhaps have become more general. The letter which Mr. HENRIQUES has written to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN probably represents the impression which has been produced on many Radicals by Mr. GLADSTONE'S recent vagaries. It is satisfactory to observe that his speeches in Wales have provoked the contemptuous indignation which they deserved. Even those Liberals who accepted the policy of Home Rule for Ireland are not prepared to separate Wales from England or to repeal the Union with Scotland. In all probability, sufficient time will be allowed for the conversion of those Liberals who are not irrevocably attached to the fortunes of Mr. GLADSTONE. Lord HARTINGTON was fully justified in ridiculing proposals for an early dissolution of Parliament.

Prudent politicians are seldom in a hurry, and they have now strong motives for acquiescing in a policy which must nevertheless be regarded as provisional. The Conservatives have with laudable unanimity recognized the good faith of the Unionist leaders, and they still abstain from demanding a more definite coalition. The protests of Lord HARTINGTON and his colleagues against charges of Liberal heterodoxy command their belief and respect. At the same time they welcome occasional indications of a disposition to convert a temporary and special alliance into a permanent union. Lord HARTINGTON reminded his followers at Manchester and at Blackburn that he owed a debt to all his present associates, as well as to the section of which he is the acknowledged leader. As the Conservatives contribute about four-fifths of the whole Unionist party, even a less loyal representative of the Liberal section could not exclude them from his calculations. The professed supporters of the Ministry form a majority of the whole House, if the Parnellites are not taken into account; and, fortunately, it is impossible that the Liberal Unionists should coalesce with the whole Opposition, as it is at present constituted. It is true that, as Lord HARTINGTON significantly remarks, the Conservatives are not an obstinate and unteachable party. The wisest among them understand that change of circumstances may require and justify considerable modifications of opinion and conduct. Accordingly, both Lord HARTINGTON and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN think it possible to construct a coalition which they describe as a national party. The wish may perhaps be father to the thought, but the thought is reasonable, and its realization may not be impracticable. The most important part of Lord HARTINGTON'S declaration

consists in its probable motives. It may be conjectured that he is not unfavourable to a transaction of which he is inclined to minimize the difficulty. A calm and experienced statesman can scarcely expect that a great party should at once renounce its characteristic convictions. If any such hope had been entertained, it ought to have been dissipated by a passage in Lord SALISBURY's late speech in the City. Commenting on statements that he had become a convert to Liberalism, he said that he was not aware of any change of political opinion on the part either of Lord HARTINGTON or of himself. His language implied that there was no insuperable objection to a formal coalition between the two sections of Unionists. Some of the measures proposed by the Government may be fairly described as Liberal, but neither the Land Transfer Bill, nor even the Irish Land Bill, can be said to have any party character. It remains to be seen whether the Local Government Bill, to which Mr. GOSCHEN will be a party, belongs to a different category.

Some of the honours which were distributed at the Jubilee have been, rightly or wrongly, attributed to Lord HARTINGTON's intervention. It is more probable that Lord SALISBURY wished to acknowledge the just claims of meritorious Liberals who have sacrificed their chances of promotion at the instance of their former leader. If Lord HARTINGTON really took a part in the adjudication, he virtually occupied the position of a leading member of the Ministerial party. His reasons for postponing the acceptance of office are intelligible, and they may perhaps continue to operate for a considerable time. Hereafter he may perhaps follow the example of Mr. GOSCHEN, whose entrance into the Cabinet received Lord HARTINGTON's entire approval. In the meantime, the Liberal Unionists and their leader are doing good service to the common cause. They have at last discontinued the practice of beginning every exposure of Mr. GLADSTONE's perversities by elaborate professions of admiration for his character and of concurrence in the bulk of his political doctrines. The conventional compliments had gradually become tamer and paler, and they seem to have been finally extinguished by the scandalous exhibition in South Wales. The nauseous exchange of adulation with ignorant mobs and with obscure local demagogues might perhaps not have attracted attention to its tendency and motives if it had not in the first instance been revolting to the taste. When the rhetoric and the claptrap were separated from the substance of the various discourses, it appeared that Mr. GLADSTONE deliberately propagated disaffection in the interest of his own personal ambition. For riot and disorder he had not a word of blame; and, when he thought it necessary to mention the formidable disturbance in North Wales, he facetiously observed that he was glad it was not in Ireland, because it would have furnished an excuse for increased stringency of coercion. Lord HARTINGTON is not, like Mr. GLADSTONE, an orator; but his speeches rise morally, and even intellectually, to a higher level.

THE CARDINAL ON THE ARCHBISHOP.

REPORT and contradiction have succeeded each other with such rapidity in the matter of Mgr. PERSICO's contemplated mission to Ireland that it has been somewhat difficult to follow. First we are told that the Monsignor was about to start, and then that his instructions have been revoked on the representations of Cardinal MANNING and Archbishop WALSH. This last statement was denied by both prelates and by the CARDINAL, as he himself put it, "with unusual warmth"; but it nevertheless appeared that somebody, at any rate, must have "represented" against the mission, since it was said to be only through the intervention of Mgr. RUFFO-SCILLA that the revocation was itself revoked, and that Mgr. PERSICO and Father GUALDI were once more ordered to proceed immediately to Dublin. Assuming this last report to represent the true truth of the matter, we shall not hesitate to say that it has much less interest for us than the story of the statements and contradictions which have preceded it. It is particularly interesting to us to note the promptitude—indeed the instantaneousness—with which the English CARDINAL and the Irish ARCHBISHOP made public their contradictions of the report that they had made representations, whether successfully or unsuccessfully, against the PERSICO mission. The denial of the ARCHBISHOP, which must have been forwarded to the *Freeman's Journal* within a few hours of the appearance of the paragraph in another Irish newspaper, is

all the more curious because, on Dr. WALSH's own showing—and he dwells most markedly on the point—it was altogether unnecessary. "I have made," he writes, "no such remonstrance. Knowing what I have the opportunity of knowing as to the nature of the projected mission, and of the object which it is intended to accomplish—an object which, if it be duly carried to completion, it can hardly fail to effect—no thought could well be further from my mind than that of offering any remonstrance on the subject." The reference to the object of the mission is extremely, and no doubt designedly, vague; but, if it means anything at all, it means that Mgr. PERSICO was and is coming to Dublin in pursuit of ends of which Dr. WALSH and the Nationalist party in Ireland approve. But, if that be the case, what possible need could there be for Dr. WALSH to contradict a report that he had been endeavouring to obstruct the prosecution of his own policy and that of his fellow-Nationalists? He had only to allow the report a few days' currency until the mission arrived and its objects became known, and the injurious rumour might then be left to refute itself. If Mgr. PERSICO and Father GUALDI, for instance, are coming over to suggest improvements in the Plan of Campaign, or even only to convey to it the Papal benediction, it must surely have been superfluous for Archbishop WALSH to deny having attempted to persuade His Holiness to keep his two envoys at home.

Cardinal MANNING's letter to the *Times* has an interest of another and more personal description. It does not contain so much material for political speculation, but it raises more than one attractive problem of the psychological order. Among these we do not include the fact that, judging from the date of the CARDINAL's letter, he not only repudiated the "unhappy imputations" of the *Times* a day before they were made, but actually pushed controversial courtesy to such a point as to apologize for the "lateness of the reply." Even the most careful of disputants may date a letter the 27th instead of the 28th. What, however, it is less easy to understand such a disputant doing is to complain of a morning newspaper for having published statements which, he seems to think, its conductors ought to have known at the time were about to be contradicted in the evening newspapers of the same day. We pass from this, however, to what the CARDINAL calls his graver matter of complaint—the description, namely, of Archbishop WALSH and himself as "active promoters of Separatist intrigues." He denies both for himself and his episcopal brother that they are either "intriguers or Separatists"; and the *Times*, we observe, accepts this as a good traverse of the charge of being "active promoters of Separatist intrigues." This, it appears to us, is conceding rather too much. Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues of the front Opposition Bench can hardly be described as "Campaigners" in the sense in which Mr. DILLON is entitled to the name, or as "Obstructionists" in the sense in which that term applies to Mr. HEALY. But if they are not promoters, and active promoters, alike of the Plan of Campaign in Ireland and of the tactics of obstruction at Westminster, we know not in what words to describe them. It is not for us, however, to insist on an objection which has been waived by the party entitled to make it; and we will therefore pass on to the substance of Cardinal MANNING's disclaimer, and therewith to his curious assumption of responsibility for Archbishop WALSH, and to the still more curious grounds on which he undertakes it. "I gladly unite myself," he says, and it is exactly what the *Times* complains of, "with the Archbishop of DUBLIN. He is but slightly known in England, except in the descriptions of those who are fanning the flames of animosity between England and Ireland," not, we presume, by reminding the Irish that the pitch-cap was an English invention, but in other ways. "I am known in England both to Ministers of the Crown and to the leaders of the Opposition. I leave to those who well know my mind to answer for me; and I, who know the mind of the Archbishop of DUBLIN, answer for him. We are neither intriguers nor Separatists." This, if we may be pardoned the irreverence of the comparison, is an importation of the principle of the "accommodation bill" into politics in a form in which politicians with good negotiable names are hardly likely, we should think, to accept it. If the public are allowed to sue any one of the indorsers of this draft upon their credulity, it will be all right; but is this the case? We do not for a moment doubt that the entire Cabinet and the whole of the front Opposition bench would willingly respond to the call made upon them, and "back" Cardinal MANNING's bill; and we have the CARDINAL's own word for it that he is pre-

pared to back Archbishop WALSH's. But are the two front benches equally prepared to back the Irish ARCHBISHOP's? We violently doubt it; and, in the event of their refusal, Dr. WALSH's claim to be regarded as neither intriguer nor Separatist will rest on the unsupported guarantee of Cardinal MANNING.

The perfect good faith with which the CARDINAL has given it is of course beyond the reach of question. But political respectability is, after all, as much a matter of evidence as personal solvency, and too partial friendship is as liable to mistake in one matter as in the other. Moreover, it is to be observed that the CARDINAL claims our acceptance of his security under a complete mistake. He is of opinion that Dr. WALSH is "but slightly known" to Englishmen, whereas in truth and in fact Archbishop WALSH is reckoned in England among that considerable class of Irishmen of whom—politically speaking—not too little, but too much, is known. To put it in commercial language, he is better known than trusted. We have dealt with him directly, and Cardinal MANNING can hardly expect to be allowed to answer for a man who has for the last year insisted on answering so very audibly, not to say noisily, for himself. If Archbishop WALSH wishes to be known as "neither an intriguer nor a Separatist"—and we have every reason to suppose that he would glory in one, if not both, of the appellations—we can certainly say that no man ever went a worse way to work. To judge by all his public utterances, he is distinctly a Separatist in the sense in which Mr. GLADSTONE is a Separatist. Of course Cardinal MANNING may deny, as Mr. GLADSTONE does, that the term is applicable to Mr. GLADSTONE himself; but he can only claim the benefits of this denial for Dr. WALSH at the expense of a proportionate reduction of the significance of his own disclaimer. In other words, if Cardinal MANNING means by "Separatist" what a Unionist means by it, his denial that Dr. WALSH is a Separatist is open to flat contradiction. If, on the other hand, he means by Separatist only what Mr. GLADSTONE professes to mean by it, his denial that he is himself a Separatist is valueless, and is, moreover, no contradiction of the statement in the *Times*. We may further add that, in the latter alternative, one half of Cardinal MANNING's personal sureties would at once withdraw their guarantee. For, whatever may be the case with the leaders of the Opposition, the Government could hardly be expected to testify to his not being a Separatist unless he first agrees to interpret the word in the same sense as they interpret it themselves. On the whole, we should recommend the CARDINAL to be content with clearing his own character in this matter. Unquestionably he is no "intriguer" in the sense in which a certain mischievous and anarchic section of the Irish Episcopate have most fully earned themselves this name; and we shall be very glad to believe that neither is he a Separatist in the sense in which Unionists—or, in other words, a majority of the people of the United Kingdom—understand that expression. Of Archbishop WALSH, however, a tolerably clear and uniform conception has been formed by the English public; and, seeing that it is strictly constructed upon evidence supplied by the ARCHBISHOP himself, they will not be easily persuaded, either by Cardinal MANNING or any other third party, to modify it.

SELF-DEFENCE FOR WOMAN.

WOMAN is making great progress. A lady is Senior Classic, in a class by herself; nor do we despair of the arrival of the day when woman's French shall be correct, and when she shall cease to romance in the present tense. These achievements are for the "classes," the women whereof are not usually beaten by their husbands. The women of less happy fortunes in France are being taught by an old soldier that she who would be free herself must pitch into her husband. This old soldier gives object lessons, in which woman's objective is the nose of her lord. Little idyls of domestic life are acted—with the gloves, we hope. Man comes home from his labour, and aims a smack at woman, who dodges, feints, and lands heavily with her left on his dexter peeper, causing him to put up the shutters and adopt the early closing movement. When once woman has learned to get her lord's head in chancery, fibbing severely with her right, and visiting his kissing-trap so that the claret flows freely, man will think twice before lifting his hand or foot against woman. Thus,

at least, the old soldier argues. He appears to calculate that the man who strikes a woman is usually groggy and a little unsteady on his pins, so that, by in-fighting, his partner may have the better of him. But, in any combat of this kind, who is to see that the Queensberry Rules are enforced? If the husband takes to hugging at the ropes, his weight is almost sure to tell, and his wife may not answer to the call of Time. We are amazed that the old soldier advises pricking the husband with a needle. When paraffin lamps are so cheap, handy, and efficacious as missiles, why stoop to a mere vulgar brawl? It is much to be feared that the old soldier is an idealist. We wish him all success, but it is impossible to believe that science in woman will ever make up for the overpowering strength and weight of man. Besides, man may take lessons in boxing, too, and then woman's advantage will be gone, and the old brutal supremacy restored. No; man must tackle the wife-beaters; and if he does so with a cat-o'-nine tails, or some other rude popular form of justice, so much the better. Once let public opinion in the regions where wives are beaten take a more Christian tone, and woman will be much safer than in the arts of the old soldier.

THE FRENCH ARMY BILLS.

THE Army Bills now passing through the Chamber of Deputies are excellently well calculated to be popular with the majority of Frenchmen. Whether they will really strengthen the army is a pretty subject for differences of opinion, but there is no doubt that they will add to its numbers, and ever since 1870-71 there has been a very general belief, not only in France, that numbers and strength are as near as may be synonymous terms in modern armies. There are people who hold that this is one of many other vulgar errors. Most of the best of the French officers are said to believe that it would be better for their army to take a smaller proportion of conscripts than the German, and to keep them longer with the colours. In their opinion, the French soldier needs more drilling than the German, not because he is naturally an inferior fighting-man, but because he has more to learn. These officers would undertake to teach their men the necessary drills in less than the five years fixed as the normal term of service by M. THIERS's organization scheme; but they are not equally confident of their power to teach him the habits of obedience which the German brings to the army ready learnt. To military men, and to civilians who look at the matter from the purely military point of view, this seems an excellent reason for not diminishing the term of service in the French army and for sacrificing strength in mere numbers, if necessary. But the electors do not look at the question from the merely military point of view. If they argue on that ground at all, they are content to insist that, as the Prussians were stronger in numbers in 1870-71, strength in numbers is the sufficient explanation of their success; therefore it is wise to drill the greatest possible proportion of Frenchmen. But the popularity of the Recruitment Bill is a great deal less due to any supposed effect it may have in increasing their army than to quite other considerations. It will do something more to establish that equality which the Frenchman loves at least as well as liberty, good government, and military efficiency put together. M. ROUVIER was wise in taking over these Bills from General BOULANGER—as wise as he was in getting rid of that officer by appointing him to a command at a safe distance from Paris. The chance that the Right will at some future time help M. CLÉMENTEAU to turn the Ministry out in order to punish it for passing a Radical Military Bill was hardly worth setting off against the certainty that the withdrawal of the Bill would entail great unpopularity.

The particular step in the direction of further equality which has done most for the popularity of the Recruitment Bill is unquestionably the abolition of the right of lads who are to be priests to be exempted from military service. But, though its anti-clerical character is its most conspicuous merit, the Bill is very sweeping in its attack on privileges, as they are called. It abolishes at once all the legal rights to exemption which have hitherto existed, except physical incapacity, of course, which can hardly be described as a privilege or even as clerical and reactionary. The only son of a widow, the elder brother of orphans, the younger brother of a man already with the colours, and others hitherto exempted by all military

laws, will no longer have a legal right to escape military service. The "fifteen-hundred franc" will also disappear, and in future all Frenchmen will be equally bound to serve their three years with the colours. This is eminently the kind of equality which delights Frenchmen. It is equally gratifying to their taste for drawing all their laws in straight lines and to their envy. The peasantry and workmen gain undoubtedly by the Bill, for it reduces the term of service; and, if other classes suffer, so much the worse for the other classes. That the sort of equality which this Bill will introduce is equality only in name is obvious enough, but not to the majority of Frenchmen. When one of them is told that three years' military service is a far more serious thing for a lawyer or doctor than for the son of the village blacksmith or of a peasant-proprietor, the deduction he draws is that this can only be because they are better off, and it is agreeable to make them suffer for their luck. Practically the Bill will never be enforced as it stands. If the three years' term is to be kept up, there will every year be a surplus of fifty thousand men for whom the War Office can find no place in the ranks. By cutting down the period of service to two years, it would be possible to pass all the young men liable to serve through the ranks, but as yet nobody in France seems to be prepared to go this length. They are satisfied to make everybody legally liable, and to leave the War Office an absolute power to grant exemptions, subject (this is understood, though not expressed) to the pressure put upon it by senators and deputies who may happen to wish to please the electors or punish their opponents. The cruelty of the Bill to the seminary priests, and, indeed, to the whole Church, is beyond question. In Austria and Italy there is no express law exempting students training for the priesthood from military service; but, as a matter of fact, they are never expected to serve. By a custom which has the force of law, they are considered entitled to exemption. In other Roman Catholic countries they are exempted by law. The protection which they have hitherto enjoyed in France would not be withdrawn unless there was a general hostility to the clergy, and while that feeling exists it is absurd to suppose that the law will be applied as it is in Austria and Italy. Its effect can hardly be other than most disastrous to the Church. It is, of course, easy to talk of the man who has a vocation, and of the ease with which he will resist temptation, as also of the advantage there is in being rid of the man who has no vocation. This plausible stuff is very old, and has, in fact, been used whenever the friend of humanity wanted to plunder an established Church and reduce it to a state of apostolic poverty for the promotion of its soul's health. Experience shows that the vast majority of men have no vocation for anything unless it be for doing what they have been early taught to do. The Church in France, and indeed in most Roman Catholic countries, has great difficulty in getting priests at all. For the most part its recruits are captured young, and very specially educated for their work. If this system is broken in upon by the law, the Church may lose a large part of its students, to say nothing of the fact that no man can be ordained a priest as long as he is liable to military service, which will practically mean until he is between thirty and forty. Of course it is possible to maintain that the Roman Catholic system of training and organizing its priesthood is bad in itself, and ought to be broken up; but it is not possible to take that view, and still be friendly to the Church. It is the firm belief of many French Republicans, and has had much to do with persuading them to support the Recruitment Bill. The clericals are well aware of the fact, and that is why they think the Bill specially hostile to themselves. They are not to be blamed if they think that the majority of the Chamber which refused to exempt the clergy from military service is at least well disposed to accept M. BOYSSER's scheme for the abolition of the Concordat, just laid before the Parliamentary Commission, appointed some time ago to inquire into the relations between the Church and the State.

From the military point of view this Bill, and another introduced with it which provides for giving some training to the men who were not drawn during the last four years, must have at least one considerable effect. They will largely add to the number of more or less drilled men who can be called out by the War Office. If this is in itself a good thing, the Bills must increase the efficiency of the French army. But there are many critics who deny that this increase is worth getting at the price paid for it. The price is considerable. The army will, to begin with, be greatly

disorganized for the time, and if suddenly called upon to serve in the field would be caught while unsettled. Then, even when the increase of numbers is obtained, there is great reason to doubt whether the men can be properly managed. The French army is short of officers when on a war footing, and is particularly ill off for non-commissioned officers. Soldiers do not stay in the ranks long enough, or take to the service for life in sufficient numbers, to supply a good body of sergeants. If it is found difficult to manage the existing army, it will be far more difficult to control the force which will be formed by the new Bills, and which will consist to a much greater extent of very young soldiers. The tendency in many modern armies is to sacrifice everything to size in blind imitation of the German system, and in France it is even stronger than elsewhere.

BEGINNING AGAIN.

A BENEVOLENT person who did not wish to exhibit ill-feeling towards his political opponents could hardly find anything more to say for the Home Rule manifestoes issued by Mr. JOHN MORLEY and Mr. GLADSTONE in Parliament on Monday night, and by Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN in the newspapers on Tuesday afternoon, than that they are eminently characteristic of a party in a fog. Mr. MORLEY arguing forcibly, and from the point of view of his own side "conclusively," that the Bill ought not to be read a second time, that it ought not to be read a first time, that leave ought to be refused to bring it in, when the question is whether it shall be reported as amended in Committee; Mr. GLADSTONE losing temper, thread of discourse, and everything else in a burst of irrelevant denunciation; Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN addressing a long epistle to the electors of the Spalding division, from which epistle it would seem that Sir GEORGE waves the Home Rule question altogether aside, and will have nothing to do with it—all these are very curious spectacles. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL made a good point when he remarked that Mr. GLADSTONE, denouncing the Bill in Wales as a Bill to put down Trades-Unions, forgot to mention to his hearers that Trades-Unions were expressly excepted from its operation. But this forgetfulness is entirely characteristic of the whole Gladstonian attitude. No single man in the party except Mr. MORLEY has ever been able to produce a single argument (for the question-begging twaddle about justice is, of course, no argument at all) why Home Rule should be granted; and Mr. MORLEY's argument is well known to be carefully avoided, if not definitely rejected, by most of his fellows. It is no wonder if in such a dearth even their ablest men are compelled to go off into such extraordinary excursions as those of the two speeches and the letter to which we have referred. When Mr. MORLEY invokes Mr. DICEY and Mr. POLLOCK and Sir JAMES STEPHEN, Unionists as they are, to attest his assurance that the Bill in some dreadful way turns the Constitution of England into a despotism, he is doing very much what Mr. GLADSTONE did in the famous Bill of Rights affair some years ago. Very good authorities failed to see any violation of the Bill of Rights in the matter, and even those who did see confessed, with brutal frankness, that they did not think it mattered one penny if it was violated. So it is very doubtful whether the trinity of very learned and very Unionist authorities to whom Mr. MORLEY appeals will honour his appeal, and it is nearly certain that all of them would say that it really does not matter. If England sinks under a despotism, it will certainly not be because a very carefully guarded extension of technical executive authority is given to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. And when Mr. GLADSTONE, after Mr. MORLEY's second-reading speech, and after the "shameful courage" with which the regular Opposition has abetted obstruction for the past three or four months, talks about the Government inviting the prolongation of debate, he does something which in a man of less name would be called, and justly called, simply impudent.

The fatal argumentative weakness of Mr. MORLEY's and Mr. GLADSTONE's speeches (a weakness which we can hardly pay them so bad a compliment as to believe that they did not themselves perceive) can be very simply and plainly exposed. It is idle to talk about shameless courage, to assert that you will not begin to abuse the Government, because if you did you really do not know where you could stop, and to indulge in similar rhetoric—more worthy of a school

debating society than of the House of Commons—in the case of such a Bill as that now being discussed. Nobody—not even Mr. GLADSTONE—pretends that that Bill is aimed at particular persons, or is intended to punish particular offences in the past. Any one who sits in Parliament, or skulks out of it, as a follower of Mr. PARNELL, will be safe from it if he is of good behaviour. If the provisions of the Bill are so terrible, if the powers granted to the Lord-Lieutenant are so sweeping, Irishmen have got a very simple resource open to them. They are not asked to do anything, but only to abstain from doing. Let them not murder, not boycott, not maim cattle, not conspire to assassinate Irish Secretaries, not cheat landlords and mob the QUEEN's servants, and this fearful wildfowl of a Coercion measure will be as harmless and as much of a dead-letter as the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, or the celebrated proposal for making the importation of Irish cattle adultery. All laws are said to be a terror to evildoers; but in this case no one not an evildoer, or exposing himself very prominently to the suspicion of being an evildoer, can possibly be harmed. It is in the power of the malcontents in Ireland, if they choose, to see that not a single conviction under the Act, when it becomes an Act, ever takes place. They have only got to behave with the ordinary decency of subjects and citizens, and the thing is done. For even the measureless impudence of Mr. PARNELL's followers will hardly contend that any extensive, or even any individual, cases of applying the Act wrongly to lawful and loyal citizens can take place with eighty-six Irish members in Parliament, and an indefinite number of English Radicals ready to back them up. But, as everybody knows, the sting of the measure is exactly in this—that it is a terror to evildoers, and it is for this reason that the evildoers, and those who for their own purposes curry favour with them, fight so desperately against it. What the Parnellites and Tannerites, English and Irish, want is, not that the innocent shall be protected, but that the guilty shall escape.

But, strange as Mr. MORLEY's and Mr. GLADSTONE's logic is, it becomes clear and intelligible when compared with Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN's. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has sufficiently demolished that part of Sir GEORGE's letter which concerns the Liberal Unionists; but the whole structure is equally tumble-down. The ex-Prime Minister and the ex Irish Secretary may have chosen a bad cause, and may be backing it up with worse arguments, but at any rate they are choosing what arguments they can get to support a definite cause which they have definitely chosen; they are both pledged to do Mr. PARNELL's bidding, to fight the good fight of Dr. TANNER, and they shut their eyes and go in. But the reader of Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN's letter to the people of Spalding sees a man who is shutting his eyes in a very different fashion. With Mr. MORLEY and Mr. GLADSTONE fighting the battle of last year desperately, and with their backs to the ditch, Sir GEORGE says that that battle is a "dead and gone dispute." With nothing before the public, with nothing doing in Parliament but the simple question, Shall Irish disloyalty be sopped with Home Rule, or stopped with Coercion? Sir GEORGE talks to the electors of Lincolnshire about the Disestablishment of the Church, about the liquor traffic, about the House of Lords, about the London Corporation (that subject of burning interest coming home to the business and bosom of every Lincolnshire man), about the Primrose League. The Spalding letter might be signed "RIP VAN WINKLE" for its extraordinary confusion of times; it might be signed "MARGARET BELLENDEN" for its affecting, but singularly irrelevant, references to the time when His Blessed Majesty took his disjunct at Tillietudlem, and when one Sir GEORGE (then not Sir GEORGE) TREVELYAN was Chief Secretary for Ireland. Alas! political time is very cruel to those who thus mistake the hands of the political clock! The electors of Spalding may or may not be affected by Sir GEORGE's elaborate, but incoherent, appeals to questions which are really for the present dead and gone. But the habit of mind which recalls fondly the days that were, the days when somebody "had the honour of being Lord SPENCER's colleague during his nobly impartial administration," which talks about Disestablishment and registration when the question is whether law or murder shall reign in Ireland, is fatally marked for impotence and effacement. Not even if Sir GEORGE can persuade this particular constituency that to-day is not to-day, but the day before yesterday, will he

obliterate the impression which his late course of vacillation and of incompetence has produced—a course which has at once puzzled his personal friends and delighted his political enemies.

WHITEHALL AND PARLIAMENT STREET.

THE Report of the Select Committee appointed early in the present Session to consider the Admiralty and War Office plans and proposals has been issued. The fact comes out pretty clearly that it was the business, or the pleasure, of the Committee to consider the scheme of Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE, who was himself one of the members, and after examining a few witnesses the proceedings resolved themselves into a discussion of the question whether a report brought up by the Chairman, Mr. DAVID PLUNKET, or one prepared by Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE, was to be adopted. In the result Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE's scheme was negatived by a large majority, the last of the divisions, in fact, showing only Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE and Mr. DILLWYN on one side and the other members, to the number of eight, against them. Considering that the plan fostered and promoted by the late Government was on trial before the Committee, this division indicates practical unanimity. Only those members of the Committee who were more or less pledged beforehand to the design of Messrs. LEEMING & LEEMING are against the decision of the majority. Mr. PLUNKET's Report, as carried, may be briefly summarized. The old Admiralty and War Office are not to be demolished. The plans prepared for Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE are not to be carried out. A large addition is to be made to the existing Admiralty buildings, and what will be strictly speaking a new War Office will be erected at no great distance. The Spring Gardens site will be sold, except such parts of it as may be needful for the additions to the Admiralty and for opening the Mall into Charing Cross. The weak part of the Report is its indefiniteness. It relates, in fact, almost entirely to the question of provision for the Admiralty; the War Office question is shelved for the present; and it makes no suggestion as to the place where it should be situated, except that it should be at no great distance from the Admiralty. These conclusions, so far as they relate to the huge building proposed by Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE, will probably be received by the general public with satisfaction. It has always appeared to us that to build in so central and conspicuous a situation a gigantic palace, whose size rather than its design would be its chief claim to consideration, was a mistake; and any doubts that might have been aroused by the unquestionable skill with which Messrs. LEEMING had approached the questions of elevation and plan are set at rest by the draft Report submitted to the Committee by Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE, and promptly rejected. Messrs. LEEMING's huge buildings would have been wholly wanting in architectural proportion, a quality which seems to have become extinct in our schools of design; and, to make up for the want of it, they were to be ornamented with rows of handsome columns and pilasters, somewhat like those on INIGO JONES's chapel in Whitehall. But Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE in his rejected Report proposed to do away with these and other similarly extraneous ornaments, thus depriving the design of its chief, and indeed only, outward merit. An economy of 59,000*l.* was to be effected "by reducing the towers and omitting the columns from the wall decorations." The Committee have accepted this suggestion, and have carried it a little further. They have omitted the whole building.

Another very important question, relating in part to the same site, was before Mr. COURTNEY, as Chairman of Ways and Means, on Monday last. It was brought forward as the preamble to an unopposed Bill. By this scheme a new street is to start from the southern entrance of the Government offices in Parliament Street, and, extending across a space behind King Street, now covered with ruins and hedged in with unsightly hoardings, is to cross Great George Street, and follow the line of Little George Street, which of course will be greatly widened, to the Broad Sanctuary, near Westminster Hospital. Parliament Street will be doubled in width, and poor old King Street will be utterly abolished. Sentimentally speaking, it is impossible not to dread these other changes. They may do harm to existing buildings, and they certainly obliterate interesting sites. Then the weary battle of the styles will have to be fought over as to the buildings to be placed midway between

some of our best and worst examples of Gothic, and some of our best and worst examples of Renaissance. The architect who can design what will be in harmony, or even in picturesque contrast, with the Chapel at Whitehall and the Government offices, on the one hand, and with the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Hospital on the other, will deserve all our admiration; but he will have to outdo anything that would be likely to find favour with Mr. SHAW LEFÈVRE.

WELSH TITHES.

IT is, perhaps, not surprising that a body of Welsh farmers should be puzzled by the perfectly true statement that their landlords of Christchurch are a lay and not an ecclesiastical Corporation. They "fail to see what is to be gained" by the use of a legal and accurate designation in preference to their own conjectural description. If the tithe-owner whose claim they dispute were a trustee or a mortgagee in possession, they might with equal reason complain that his title was set out in technical language. The Dean of CHRISTCHURCH, in reminding them that they are dealing with a lay Corporation, may perhaps only have intended to correct a loose and incorrect phrase. It is, on the other hand, possible that he may have purposely suggested the distinction between ordinary and impropriated tithes. Great or small tithes belonging to a parochial incumbent are popularly regarded as a form of salary for services rendered. In some parts of England, and still more commonly in Wales, the great tithes passed into the possession of abbeyes and other religious foundations. When the property of the monasteries and convents was confiscated at the Reformation, the impropriated tithes shared the fate of other monastic possessions. In many cases they passed into private hands; and another portion belongs to colleges, chapters, and other lay or ecclesiastical institutions. Where revenues arising from tithes are saddled with a legal or moral trust, the parishes in which they arise have, for the most part, no beneficial interest in the fund. The Dean and Chapter of Christchurch might have held, and perhaps actually hold, land in North Wales by a similar tenure. If so, their tenants would have neither more nor less claim to indulgence than if they held under private owners. The alienation of tithes from their original destination may be a subject for regret; but the wrong, if any, has been obliterated by long prescription. The tenant-farmers who actually pay the tithes have voluntarily contracted with their landlords to be the channels of payment. If they had not become liable to the tithe, their rents would have been increased by the same amount; and, if they are entitled to any abatement on equitable grounds, they ought to apply to the other party to their bargain. Some landlords in England and in Wales have paid the tithes by voluntary arrangement, without the smallest pretence to exceptional liberality.

The substitution of a corn rent for a fixed money payment has, as the Dean of CHRISTCHURCH states, reduced the rent-charge for the present year as it was valued at the time of commutation by $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and a further diminution will take place for two or three years to come. The landowner, and perhaps the tithe-owner, will in many cases make a reasonable allowance to the tenant; but it is intolerable that the debtor should, in the Irish fashion, assess his own liability. It is well known that some of the malcontents have listened to the teaching of DAVITT, who some time ago undertook a mission to propagate Socialism and spoliation in Wales. Some of the beneficed clergy have submitted to their demands through utter inability to resist. The dissatisfied farmers find it more difficult to dictate to powerful and wealthy Corporations, such as the Ecclesiastical Commissioners and the Dean and Chapter of Christchurch; but they are encouraged in their resistance to legal demands by some of the Welsh members, and more effectively by Mr. GLADSTONE's refusal to express even an unfavourable opinion of lawless violence. The more turbulent Nonconformist ministers provide an abundant supply of agitators for the seizure of property which is partly owned by the Church. In position and in temper they bear a strong resemblance to the Irish priests, but they differ from them so far, that they take the initiative in promoting discontent, while the Irish clergy are often compelled or induced to follow the impulse of their flocks. The lay and clerical demagogues feel that they may have little time to lose, as their supposed grievance will be completely redressed if the Bill which has passed the House of Lords should become

law. The landowners are not altogether satisfied with its provisions, but it leaves the tenant without a pretext for complaint. For this, if for no other reason, the relief of the occupier from liability will be unacceptable to demagogues.

The Government has determined to issue a Commission of inquiry into the serious disturbances at Mochdre, on the north coast of Wales. The agitators affect to assume that the conduct of the police is to be the principal subject of investigation. There is no reason to believe the statements of eager partisans as to any alleged excess of vigour on the part of the police. Any ground of complaint which may possibly exist leaves untouched the question of the riots. The ferocity and cruelty of the mob may perhaps have been exaggerated; it can scarcely have been imagined or invented. The result will show whether the appointment of a Commission was necessary or judicious. In ordinary cases the most efficient mode of inquiry into lawless and violent acts is a trial before the proper tribunal, but perhaps there may in the disturbed parts of North Wales be a difficulty in empanelling an upright and impartial jury. A Commissioner will be impartial, and he will not be wholly at the mercy of unscrupulous witnesses. The latest precedent for such a Commission was furnished on the occasion of the riots at Belfast. Although an English judge conducted the inquiry, the result was not wholly satisfactory. In that case it was certain that both parties were in the wrong. The Welsh rioters were undoubtedly the offenders, as it is admitted on all hands that the bailiffs, who were scandalously ill-treated, faithfully discharged their duty. It appears to be uncertain whether the Commissioner is to inquire generally into the causes of the disturbance, and into the general condition of North Wales. It is perhaps doubtful whether a judicial functionary ought to be instructed to enter into questions connected with tithes. It must be admitted that there is authority for the preference of the more ambitious kind of inquiry. More than forty years ago the Rebecca riots in South Wales caused the appointment of a strong Commission, of which one member, Sir G. K. RICKARDS, still survives. Although the mischievous organization of the Rebeccaites has been since revived at intervals, the measures which gave effect to the recommendations of the Commissioners produced an immediate pacification. Parliament conceded to the Welsh farmers a large reduction in the number of turnpike-gates. It would be less easy to deal as summarily with the question of tithes. The Children of Rebecca, as they called themselves, drew up a schedule of ten or twelve demands, including the proposed removal of turnpikes. One item in the list may serve as a model for malcontents in want of a grievance. A certain Act of Parliament was, in the opinion of the Rebeccaites, an excellent Act; but they much feared that some wicked men would procure its repeal. Since Mr. GLADSTONE's visit it may be doubted whether his Welsh admirers will approve of any decision of the Imperial Parliament.

One reason against a roving or general inquiry is that it might seem to involve a recognition of the so-called nationality of Wales. The Rebecca agitation was directed against an inconvenience which was strictly local. In hill districts with numerous streams and rivers and a scanty population, the turnpike tolls had constituted an exceptional burden. Redress was afforded by Parliament, not because the complainants spoke a different language, but on the ground of peculiar circumstances which admitted of special relief. There is not the smallest difference between the incidence of tithes in Wales and their operation in England. In both parts of the kingdom the occupying tenant is exempt from the charge, unless he has by express contract assumed the liability which attaches to the landlord. It is true that the rent-charge may be recovered by distress; but the law expressly provides for the deduction from the rent of any such compulsory payment. The comparative merits of various schemes for the readjustment of the burden have been of late fully discussed and carefully considered. The Government has embodied in a Bill the remedies which seem to it practicable and expedient. It would be an anomalous proceeding to wait till one or more Commissioners have reported on a question which assumes an identical form in England and in Wales. If, as many competent judges believe, voluntary or compulsory redemption of the tithe rent-charge presents the only adequate solution of the difficulty, it would be unwise to try the experiment in a corner of the kingdom, while tithe-owners and tithepayers elsewhere continued their present mutual relations. There were reasons for dealing separately with the South-Eastern counties, because the extraordinary tithe which formed a partial exception to

the principle of the Commutation Act affects certain crops which are rarely grown in other parts of the country. The tithes in Wales have absolutely no distinctive character, and the rent-charge is calculated on the same basis as in the rest of England. The outrages which have disgraced a portion of the Principality have probably local promoters. A Commission may suggest sound or plausible explanations of the readiness of some Welsh farmers to copy Irish models. It will be easier to propound a theory than to provide a remedy. The tendency of disorder to spread is curiously illustrated by the part which the labourers have taken in the recent riots. They have no interest in the payments which may be required from landlords or from tenants, nor would they profit to the extent of a farthing by the abolition of the rent-charge, yet they have acted as scouts, and they have shared in the assaults on the officers of the law. As they have no intelligible motive for breaking the law, it may be conjectured that they act under the influence of the demagogues who organize the disturbance. If a Commissioner should satisfy himself of their grounds of action, he would scarcely be able to devise a remedy.

THE JUBILEE YACHT RACE.

THE Jubilee yacht race is an agreeable one to write about; for there was absolutely nothing in it to quarrel over, which is not always the case in these contests. The prize was great (a thousand guineas for the winner, and gold medals all round are nice things), and the occasion was exceptional; but in other respects it was a very ordinary affair. It differed from other races mainly as the Alderman's two puddings differed from the one which had formerly smoked upon his board—there was more of the same thing. Incident there was none to speak of, unless the collision, which one of the parties to the meeting was in such a hurry to complain of, was an exception. The endless talk of yachting men about yachts may be enriched by the story of the *Norham Castle* (s.s.), starting out to see the race laden with sightseers who paid well for the chance, and who saw nothing. Even this is not a startling matter. It is much what might have been expected to happen. The absence of incident from the race must be rather a disappointment to the yachting men who thought the course too long and too risky. To the mere landsman this opinion of theirs sounds a trifle pusillanimous. A voyage round the coast of Great Britain, which is tolerably well known, and not ill lighted, does not sound like a very daring feat, particularly when the time chosen is the month of June. But perhaps the objection was that the course was not fitted for a fair racing trial. It was too long and too tiresome, and offered too many chances of luck to the slower boats. Here the landsman is again inclined to think that these considerations only made it the better race; but the yachting man has his own point of view, and will explain it at length to whomsoever will listen. Only those who have tried know at what length the yachting man can explain.

The race has the further merit of having proved nothing at all. The favourite won, and the rest were nowhere, which was much what everybody expected. At the end of the contest it is as clear as it was before that the *Genesta* is a better boat than any of her ten competitors. She showed she could go 1,560 miles in 288 hours—or on an average less than six miles an hour—in weather very favourable to herself. Her log is not exciting reading. It will have nearly as many readers as Lord HARTINGTON's speech at Manchester, and probably be quite as much discussed; but nevertheless we are of opinion that it gives a lively notion of what the part of *Gulliver's Travels* which was suppressed by his judicious editor must have been. "We gybed several times, and sighted Buchan Ness Light on the 'port bow at 10.45 P.M.," or, "at 6.0 P.M. we were off 'Mount Hecla, wind and sea increasing so much that we 'hauled down one reef and stowed our balloon foresail," is the sort of entry which prevails. It is a piece of luck to hear that we "Passed close to a sun-fish, and afterwards 'nearly ran over a dead whale." Is this the kind of adventure which fills the yachting man's log? It is not much to hear about, and one wonders what the very tarry persons who handle the coasting craft or the crews of the herring boats have to say about it. Really being out in all sorts of weather very hard at work, and in boats not built for comfort, is a very different thing from cruising along in a beautiful June in a species of floating villa.

And yet to judge from the adjectives applied to the skipper, mates, and crew of the winning yacht, it would appear that this holiday sailing is an almost heroic business. They are praised as highly as if they had discovered America, and yet it cannot be so very difficult to sail a boat built to be swift and easy to handle through perfectly well-known waters in calm weather. The yachting man is a person to be envied. He not only sails about with every comfort around him in summer, and on beautiful coasts, but when he comes back he is exceedingly proud of himself, of his cutter, and his skipper, all for doing what thousands of fishermen and coasters do yearly, as a matter of course, under very different circumstances. Yachting is by general confession a standing proof of the Englishman's love of the sea, but it would seem that this passion is combined in the yachting man with no small regard for his comfort, and an immense respect for his own merits. His extreme and loudly expressed satisfaction with himself has, it is to be feared, caused some persons who do not usually take an absorbing interest in yachting to hear of the *Thistle's* doings with exceptional pleasure. Whether this new conqueror is built on an American model or not is, it seems, doubtful; but what is beyond question is that she differs from the type of boat declared to be best by the proudful yacht clubs. She was avowedly meant to be at least an approximation to American notions. She comes South and beats everything. Now, that being so, it appears that our yachting friends have not been so much in the right as they thought, and it is always an agreeable thing to hear that our fellow-man (especially our self-sufficient fellow-man) is in the wrong. Let us hope the *Thistle* takes the *America* Cup. It will be very good for the soul of the Americans if she does, and also for the soul of the yacht clubs on this side of the Atlantic. There will perhaps be less boasting on both sides if that event happens—which is a consummation most devoutly to be wished.

MR. GLADSTONE ON OLYMPUS.

IN the *Nineteenth Century* Mr. GLADSTONE goes on with his opportune studies of Homeric religion. It is not very easy to be certain, though it is not very difficult to guess, what Mr. GLADSTONE is driving at. He seems to want to show that the characters of ATHENE and APOLLO in HOMER come from "sources which lie beyond the limits of the traditions most commonly explored for the elucidation of the Greek mythology." What can this mean? Is Mr. GLADSTONE harking back to the old idea of a tradition, preserved by the Hebrews, and from them borrowed somehow by the Greeks? If there is one person less like a Hebrew conception of the divine than another, that person might seem to be ATHENE. She is a jealous goddess, and her jealousy, her motive all through the *Iliad*, is the *apoteia injuria formæ*. She has no mother, her birth was peculiar. ZEUS, having heard that his wife METIS would bear a child greater than himself, induced METIS to assume the form of a fly, and then swallowed her. Soon after ATHENE was born out of his head. This has not a very Hebrew look. The *vieux truc* of the transformation and swallowing comes in the *Arabian Nights*, in the adventures of TALIESIN in Wales, and in *Puss in Boots*. HOMER does not tell the tale, but it is manifestly ancient and barbarous. "Ex antiquissimis 'mythis est METIS a JOVE deglutita. Antiquitatem arguit 'ipsa figmenti cruda, indigesta, et agrestis indoles," says C. H. HEYNE very sensibly. One authority is the Scholiast on HESIOD (*Theogony*, 885). Mr. GLADSTONE, speaking of the birth of ATHENE from the head of ZEUS, says "such are the lofty ascriptions of HOMER to this transcendent goddess." To us the "ascriptions" (about which HOMER, with his usual good taste, says as little as possible) seem far from lofty. This kind of birth-myth is found in Scandinavia, in Mangaia, in Algonkin fable, in Buddhist myth, and, oddly enough, in Old Irish versions of the story of the Gospel. We know nothing of the sort in Semitic regions, if Mr. GLADSTONE is thinking of them as "beyond the limits of the traditions most commonly explored for the elucidation of Greek mythology." But perhaps he is thinking of Welsh, or Old Irish, or Mangaian tales, which certainly are not commonly explored for the elucidation of Greek mythology.

Mr. GLADSTONE's method is to interrogate HOMER, and nobody else, except LIDDELL and SCOTT, to whom he goes with some naïveté for etymologies. Not that the etymo-

logies of these friends of youth are worse than other people's. Still, if we are to begin etymologizing, we can hardly confine ourselves to the researches of LIDDELL and SCOTT. For example, PRELLER is as certain that *Tritogeneia* means "water born" as Mr. GLADSTONE can be that it means "born from the head," and we are not inclined to dispute on the subject. But Mr. GLADSTONE's method of interpreting HOMER out of HOMER alone cannot properly be applied to the elucidation of the myths, names, and characters of the gods. HOMER manifestly purified Greek legend, as Professor JEBB shows in his *Introduction to Homer*. We have still plenty of the older stuff from which HOMER extracted his gold, and very queer stuff it is. We cannot take the Homeric ATHENE in all her glory as "the chosen impersonation of ordered mental force," and argue back to the opinion that this pure conception came into the Greek world from a source still more pure. Rather we must argue that HOMER elevated a deity at first much less divine into the clear spiritual air. She carries the regis. Did this originally mean that she shared the attributes of supreme ZEUS; or is she an "Air-goddess," with the black buckler of the storm-cloud; or was she a goat, the Totem of the Goat-tribe, and introduced by ÆGEUS ("goat-man") on the Acropolis, where goats might not be sacrificed on her altars? These problems have to be worked out, or noticed at least, before one can get seriously to work on the character of ATHENE. We do not marvel if Mr. GLADSTONE has neither time nor taste for such questions, that may be beyond conjecture. But the time given to an examination of ATHENE in HOMER as an isolated phenomenon, with a mysterious birth in regions vaguely hinted at, is wasted time for science. But these studies curiously illustrate Mr. GLADSTONE's own character and methods; his way of scrutinizing the epics as if they were bills under discussion; his thorough belief that HOMER had a deep purposeful meaning in every ritual epithet or traditional formula far older than HOMER; his tendency to suspect inconvenient passages of being interpolations. Mr. GLADSTONE's rather unpoetical style is also conspicuous. He is not quite so matter of fact as Mr. GROTE. Telling in his own way the beautiful tale of TYRO, who "loved a river, the "divine ENIPEUS, far the fairest of the floods that flow upon "the earth," Mr. GROTE observes that she "frequented the "banks assiduously, and there the god POSEIDON found "means to indulge his passion for her." It sounds as if TYRO were charged with "loitering" and "molesting" ENIPEUS. These are lengths to which Mr. GLADSTONE does not go, but he has a vision of ATHENE running some one in. "ATHENE takes into her own hands the police "of Olympus"; and why is it Olympus, if CALYPSO is "CALUPSO"? This peculiar spelling would have irritated the poet who makes CALYPSO rhyme to "The oars of the Ithacan dip so." Again, Mr. GLADSTONE says that APOLLO "has an outfit of Olympian offices," as if APOLLO were an outfitter, with a contract to do the upholstery of some Olympian Downing Street. As to "the other note "set upon Olympian personages generally, of sexual susceptibility manifested mainly by human progeny," does Mr. GLADSTONE mean that the Gods were amorous? And, if he does, why does he say that this trait "does not appear "to be found in APOLLO"—quite a notorious flirt? Mr. GLADSTONE's great exploit is the discovery of a Greek word for the process by which JEKYLL became HYDE; it is "a "complete *metastoecheiosis*, as far as feature and general "appearance are concerned." With all these peculiarities, which prevent the large mass of mythologists from learning much by Mr. GLADSTONE's labours, his knowledge of the Homeric texts and his industry in comparing them within his limits prove real diligence and remarkable intellectual "detachment."

THE POLICE AND THE JUBILEE.

EVERY one is full of admiration for the conduct of the police on Jubilee Day. But Sir CHARLES WARREN's men are like probity. They have empty praise in abundance. But their purses are no fuller than before. The City Police are, we believe, to have a small gratuity, presumably on the recommendation of Sir JAMES FRASER. Sir CHARLES WARREN might find the Home Office and the Treasury less disposed to be liberal than the Corporation, which has various motives for generosity. If so, some form of public subscription might perhaps be sanctioned. It is not, as a rule, desirable to reward people, constables or otherwise, for doing their duty. The police

are paid for keeping order in the streets, and if in ordinary times they keep it, there is an end of the matter. But Jubilees and Jubilee crowds are not so frequent that there is much danger of creating a precedent. The Jubilee of GEORGE III. was celebrated twenty years before the creation of the new police by Sir ROBERT PEEL, and long before the next Jubilee the origin of the word "peeler" may have faded into oblivion. It is true that the labours of the police last week were materially lightened by our own excellent behaviour. We all comported ourselves with such remarkable decorum in the streets of London that we have been congratulating each other on the phenomenon ever since. But still, as the poet of *Punch* reminds the world, the policeman had a great deal to do on that sunny and windy day. He has had a great deal to do ever since. There has been quite a series of events to which the generic term "public rejoicing" may be applied without too great a deviation from the truth, and at most of them the police have more or less actively assisted. The force comes in for plenty of abuse in these days. During the last fortnight they have appeared at their best, and may be favourably compared with any similar body in the world. One little incident out of many may perhaps be recorded as an illustration of the multifarious duties which they discharged on the 21st. A horse in one of the foreign sovereigns' carriages got its leg over the pole, and was beginning to kick in an alarming manner, when a policeman firmly seized the leg and held it down until the animal could be unharnessed. It was a simple thing to do, and perhaps a small thing. But it happened to be exactly the right thing, and being done at exactly the right time, it probably saved limbs, if not lives.

The police have suffered a good deal lately from false friends in the House of Commons. Certain Irish members are in the habit of asking the HOME SECRETARY, without rhyme or reason, whether the police are to receive extra pay for an all-night sitting, or some equally foolish and avoidable performance, for which the questioner is sometimes more or less responsible. Mr. GENT-DAVIS, who has not the excuse of being a stranger and a sojourner, wanted to know the other day what right "Mr. Commissioner WARREN" had to send some policemen to do duty in Hyde Park. In these circumstances Mr. MATTHEWS not unnaturally becomes rather tart, and declines to interfere in any way with the authority of the CHIEF COMMISSIONER. In this instance, however, it is not to be supposed that any official would wish to stand in the way of a national testimonial. Sir CHARLES WARREN himself has more than justified his selection by Mr. CHILDERS to succeed Sir EDMUND HENDERSON. But the CHIEF COMMISSIONER cannot be everywhere, and the conduct of the whole force has been above praise. They have had long hours and hard work, trying to the patience and the temper. On the evening of the 22nd, when wheeled traffic was allowed, although the streets were crowded to see the remains of the illuminations, the difficulty of preventing accidents must have been very great. No doubt an ordinary constable would prefer another Jubilee to the pursuit of armed burglars when he is not armed himself. But, after all, the less pleasant employment is more within the scope of his engagement. These long hours of unexpected and unauthorized labour seem to deserve some substantial recognition on behalf of the public in general. The ideal of the Civil Service, according to Mr. LAING, is that one man should do the work of three, with the salary of two. A metropolitan constable has occasionally to do the work of two on the wages of one. Sir CHARLES WARREN does not consider that the force under him is sufficiently manned. It is not prudent to overwork the police; but, on the contrary, it is most important to keep them in good humour. They did their part in the Jubilee not only well, but cheerfully and heartily. They might have been much less useful and ubiquitous without committing any tangible offence against discipline. When at a great national festival public servants show themselves conspicuously zealous for the comfort and safety of the public, it is only fair that their behaviour should receive an appropriate reward.

LORD CHELMSFORD'S MOTION.

THAT the conversation in the House of Lords on Lord CHELMSFORD's motion last Tuesday should have been inconclusive and unsatisfactory was only what was to be expected, given the extremely awkward character of the

question he put to the Ministers. He, in fact, asked them whether they meant to act on the advice of the Ordnance Commission and appoint some other Commission to inquire into and decide for once and for all what forces this country ought to maintain and how it can maintain them. To this searching inquiry Lord HARRIS gave the kind of answer summed up by the sententious Spaniard in the jingling line, "Yes and no, and how do I know." HER MAJESTY'S Government thought the suggestion a good one. HER MAJESTY'S Government did not think the suggestion altogether good. HER MAJESTY'S Government would wait for the other Ordnance Commission's report. HER MAJESTY'S Government did not see, or understand, or know, or remember anything to speak of, and would, on the whole, prefer to do nothing except hope that everything would come round and be all square. Lord HARRIS illustrated the difficulty of getting any good out of a Commission to fix a standard of stores by quoting Sir C. WARREN's alterations in the stores sent him for the Bechuanaland Commission, and Lord WOLSELEY's need for entirely new things before the mammoth picnic could set out. These things, he thought, showed how hard it would be to make our minds up as to what we wanted. If he had quoted the battle of Crécy, and the use of plate armour in the fifteenth century, it would have been quite as much to the point. Nobody supposes that we can prophesy what saddles may be needed for irregular expeditions in South Africa, or what boats for cruises up the Nile. What is asked is that we should come to an understanding as to the stores and men we require to make us safe in a great European war. The conditions of such a struggle can be fairly well foreseen, and it could be prepared for without the exercise of any very stupendous genius. All that is necessary is that a few persons of common sense should find out, with some approach to precision, what we need and what we actually have.

There is no certain information to be got at present on either of the points, and perhaps less on the latter than the former. The authorities cannot apparently agree as to how many tons of coal the *Impérieuse* can carry—which would seem to be a simple enough thing to settle. And this is only one example. The same sort of ignorance prevails on all sides as to the actual number of men and amount of stores we can dispose of. Until this fog is cleared away, it is almost as good as useless to discuss the naval and military situation of the country. Discussion is mere loose talk in the air without a severe definition of terms to begin with, and a preliminary definition of the terms is exactly what seems never to be thought necessary in talk about naval and military affairs. Of what use is it to call for a sufficient fleet until there is some understanding as to what would be a sufficient fleet? And a dozen more questions of the same sort might be asked. The great service which such a court of inquiry as Sir JAMES STEPHEN'S Commission recommends and Lord CHELMSFORD asks for would do to the country would be to tell it what it ought to want. It would be a thousand pities if the inquiry were limited to the military side of the subject. It ought to include the whole question of national defence by sea and land, which is, in fact, the same, since the navy and the army must co-operate. No great genius would be required to draw up a list of questions to be asked. What number of ships would be required in a great war? How much coal would they need? Where ought it to be put? How many men ought we to have to stand on guard against invasion, to reinforce the army of India sufficiently, and to leave us two army corps to go anywhere, and do anything withal? These questions, and such as these, might be put by a well-chosen Committee to naval and military officers of experience, and their answers might then be sifted. When the work was done we should have made some approach to knowing where we ought to stand. We should not have attained to mathematical certainty, or be able to predict to Lord HARRIS precisely what material will be used to line the boots of the next expedition to Tierra del Fuego, but we might get a good practical working compromise, which in these things is enough. When we know approximately what to do, it would be a comparatively simple business to set about doing it.

THE END OF THE FIGHT.

IT has been remarked by observant students of life that most "games" in which men are wont to indulge to each other's disadvantage belong to the order of those which "two can play at." Yet it is curious to notice how very

commonly this truth is neglected in practice. In a very large number of cases it turns out upon experiment either that only one of the two possible players is inclined to participate in the game, or that one of them places himself at a disadvantage by a superstitious adherence to rules which his adversary defies. In cases of this kind of course the contest becomes so unequal that, after a time, the more timid or scrupulous player becomes positively a *quantité négligeable*, and the spectators actually get to believe that it is part of the natural order of things that his opponent should have it all to himself. There is reason to believe that in the minds of some weaklings and some wisacres—and it is surprising to find how largely in this particular matter these two classes overlap—the intensely interesting political contest known as the struggle for the Union has long been regarded as a game of this unilateral kind. Were it not so, were it not for the fact that the Anglo-Irish Separatist party were treated in some quarters as men in the highly favourable position of playing against nobody for a valuable stake, such sentences as Sir HENRY JAMES quoted the other night at the Devonshire Club from Mr. BRYCE could never have been written; and so obvious a retort as he made to them would certainly not have struck so many of his hearers as in the nature of a revelation. Mr. BRYCE, whom nobody would describe either as a weakling or as a wisacre, but who sometimes allows his wisdom to weaken his will—Mr. BRYCE had observed in print (five years ago, it is true, as he has justly pleaded) that, although Home Rule might be a bad thing, the Irish, if they persisted, must win. "It is only," he wrote, "a question of their tenacity"; and a "tenacity match," we must add, to complete the argument, which without it would be imperfect indeed, is a game which only one of the two sides, and that one the Irish, can play at.

That this suppressed premiss could be tacitly accepted as self-evident by a considerable number of otherwise rational people would seem incredible had we not plenty of proof on all hands that it is the fact. Of a large proportion of the persons professing "an opinion" on the Irish question, Mr. BRYCE's argument constitutes the sole dialectical stock-in-trade. It is a question, they say, of the tenacity of the Irish people; and there is an end of the matter. That it is also, or that it ought to be, a question of the tenacity of the English people, is a view of the case which seems never to have presented itself to them; and we feel quite sure that Sir HENRY JAMES's obvious reply to his own quotation from Mr. BRYCE's article will strike them as one of the happiest of happy thoughts. We must, said Sir HENRY, "encounter tenacity by tenacity"; and if any of his hearers at the Devonshire Club were disposed to regard this observation as an idle commonplace, he has very inadequately studied the temper of the times. Of course it ought to be a commonplace of the most platitudinous description; but it is not. It is a vital, but neglected, truth. Of course you ought to encounter "tenacity by tenacity"; but you don't. You send your compliments to the tenacious person and say that, as he seems to care so very much about the object of his demands, you cannot any longer doubt that its concession would be an excellent thing for him, and could not possibly result in injury to yourself. That, at any rate, is the political mode of the present day, and the one which enjoys the high patronage even of such political philosophers as Mr. MORLEY; and while it remains so, the Unionist speaker, who insists and enlarges on Sir HENRY JAMES's text at every possible opportunity, need be under no fear of wasting his words upon the enunciation of truisms. There is, indeed, a way in which he can add to the utility and practical influence of such exhortations. He can appeal to the visible proofs of their value, and of the success which attends the course of those who act upon them with vigour and resolution. For one such proof he need not look further than the House of Commons, or produce any other "documents" than the speeches of the Parnellites ever since the Government have put their foot down. The effect of encountering tenacity with tenacity in Parliament has been at any rate unmistakable. From the moment when the Leader of the House announced that he would move to close the Committee stage of the Crimes Bill on a certain day and hour obstructive opposition collapsed. The obstructionists protested and denounced, of course; but they had not enough "go" left in them to divide on all the amendments when the hour of Closure arrived, and, greatly to Mr. GLADSTONE's displeasure, they even declined to vote for the amendment of Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, which the Leader of the Opposition

had specially commended to their support. On the similar motion introduced last Thursday night with reference to the Report stage of the Crimes Bill they "crumpled up" even more conspicuously still. After dividing against Mr. SMITH's proposal, which was carried by a majority of 100, the Parnellites did not return to their usual places. They preferred to occupy the Gallery to the left of the SPEAKER, and to sit in the seats reserved for Ambassadors, while the House went rapidly and cheerfully through the remaining amendments on the paper, passed the Bill through the Report stage, and had its third reading fixed for next Tuesday. The Parnellites might have wasted two more working nights had they chosen to return to their places and resume the game of obstruction. But they had not enough spirit left in them to do so. It was the end of the fight; and though we cannot but feel that the fight might just as well have been ended in the same way a month ago, it must, on the other hand, be admitted that certain moral advantages arise out of the very prolongation of the struggle. Tenacity on the Treasury bench has encountered tenacity on the benches below the gangway; and the former tenacity has got the best of it.

It only remains to display an adequate supply of the same quality in administering the Act that has been shown in getting it through the House of Commons. Mr. DILLON, who is always frankness itself, has informed the Government and the House of what they may expect; and it is, of course, only a "return match" at the game at which two can play. Whether, said Mr. DILLON, "it took one month, or two months, or a single night to pass the Bill through its remaining stages, the effect in Ireland would be precisely the same. The troubles of the Government and their followers in Ireland were only beginning. His party in Ireland would resist the administration of this measure by every means in their power. As long as the Irish people continued to be represented in that House the subject of the Coercion Bill would be brought forward night after night, and he might warn the Government that it would prove a "torment and a torture to them." Here is the old assumption again. Mr. DILLON and his friends are to do the torturing and tormenting; the Government are to do the suffering, and to be content with that exclusive rôle. It will be for them to show Mr. DILLON that they object, and repudiate his "cast" of the parts. If he and his friends resist the administration of the law in Ireland, in the sense of directly defying its injunctions, they must be put in prison. If they resist it indirectly by obstruction and unruly behaviour in the House of Commons, they must be silenced or suspended. It is not, Mr. DILLON should be at once and emphatically assured—it is not to be all *pulso* on the part of the Irish Irreconcilables, and all *vapulo* on the side of the Imperial Parliament and the QUEEN'S Ministers. No Government could ever be conducted on such principles as that, and Ireland is the last country to which it would be fair to apply any such irrational system. The mind of the true Irish people has been manifested plainly enough in their reception of the sons of the PRINCE OF WALES, and Irish loyalty itself has a right to demand that Government shall not "knuckle down" to Irish disaffection.

HYDROPHOBIA UNDER M. PASTEUR'S TREATMENT.

IN April 1886 Sir Henry Roscoe, moved by a consideration of the exceeding interest attaching to M. Pasteur's inquiries at Paris on the prevention of hydrophobia, suggested in Parliament to Mr. Chamberlain (who was then the head of the Local Government Board) the propriety of instituting an investigation of the subject. This suggestion was adopted, and the then President of the Local Government Board appointed a Committee consisting of the following gentlemen:—Sir James Paget (Chairman), Dr. Lauder Brunton, Dr. George Fleming, Sir Joseph Lister, Dr. Richard Quain, Sir Henry E. Roscoe, and Dr. J. Burdon Sanderson. From that period until the present this Committee, admirably constituted as it is, has been engaged in investigating this subject, and the result is the very remarkable Report which has just been presented to the House of Commons by Mr. Ritchie, Mr. Chamberlain's successor.

The line of investigation followed has been, first, personal investigation by members of the Committee into M. Pasteur's method of proceeding and its results. The members of the Committee who, in conducting this inquiry, visited M. Pasteur, testify to his great courtesy and to that of his assistants, and to the candour with which the entire subject was submitted to their investigation. Secondly, a series of experiments was conducted by Mr. Horsley under the supervision of the Committee. The experiments referred to show that, if a dog or

a rabbit or other animal be bitten by a rabid dog and die of rabies, a substance can be obtained from its spinal cord which, being inoculated into a healthy animal, will produce rabies similar to that which would follow from the bite of a rabid animal, or only differing in non-essential particulars. The rabies thus transmitted by inoculation may by similar inoculations be transmitted to a succession of animals—for example, rabbits—with marked increase of intensity. But then the remarkable fact presents itself that the virus in the spinal cords of rabbits that thus die of inoculated rabies may be gradually so attenuated by drying the cords after a manner fully described in the appendix attached to this Report that, after a certain number of days' drying, it may be injected into healthy rabbits or other animals without the danger of producing rabies. And, by using on each successive day the virus from a spinal cord dried during a shorter period than that used on a previous day, an animal may be made almost certainly secure against rabies, whether from the bite of a rabid dog or other animal, or from subcutaneous inoculation. The protection from rabies thus secured is proved by the fact that, if some animals thus protected and if others not protected be bitten by the same rabid dog, none of the first set will die of rabies, and all of the second set will so die. Remarkable illustrations of the accuracy of this statement will be found in the appendix to the Report. For example, six dogs having been protected by subcutaneous injection of emulsions of spinal cords of rabbits which had died of rabies, none of these dogs suffered from the injections; and, when they were completed, the six dogs thus protected, and two others unprotected, and some rabbits unprotected, were made insensible by ether, and were then bitten by rabid dogs or a rabid cat on an exposed part. The whole of the protected dogs remained free from rabies, while nearly the whole of the unprotected animals died. We quote a single example:—The protected dog Number 6 was bitten on three different occasions by a furiously rabid cat, then a month subsequently by a furiously rabid dog, and, at the expiration of another month, by another furiously rabid dog. This dog died ten weeks after being bitten for the third time; but not of rabies. Two rabbits, inoculated by the spinal cord from this animal, showed no signs of rabies during life, or when they were killed several months afterwards.

The Committee say:—"Then it may hence be deemed certain that M. Pasteur has discovered a method of protection from rabies comparable with that which vaccination affords against infection from smallpox."

"It would be difficult to over-estimate," say the reporters, "the importance of the discovery, whether from its practical utility or from its application to general pathology." It shows a method of inoculation analogous to that which has been already successfully practised by M. Pasteur in anthrax, charbon, and swine plague.

The evidence that an animal may thus, by progressive inoculations, be protected from rabies, suggested to M. Pasteur that, if an animal were bitten by a rabid dog, the fatal influence of the virus might be prevented by a timely series of progressive inoculations. "He has accordingly," say the Committee, "in the Institution established by him in Paris, thus inoculated a very large number of persons believed to have been bitten by rabid animals. We have endeavoured to ascertain with what amount of success he has done so. The question might be answered with numerical accuracy if it were possible to ascertain the relative number of cases of hydrophobia occurring among persons of whom, after being similarly bitten by a really rabid animal, some were and some were not inoculated. But an accurate numerical estimate of this kind is not possible for several reasons—first, it is often difficult, and sometimes impossible, to ascertain whether the animals by which persons were bitten, and which were believed to be rabid, were really so; secondly, the probability of hydrophobia occurring in persons bitten by dogs that were certainly rabid depends very much on the number and character of the bites, and whether they are on the face and hands or on parts covered by clothes; thirdly, in all cases the probability of infection from bites may be affected by speedy cauterization and excision of the wounded parts; fourthly, the bites of different species of animals, and even of different dogs, are probably, for various reasons, unequally dangerous."

The amount of uncertainty due to these and other causes may be expressed by the fact that the percentage of deaths among persons who, being bitten by animals believed to be rabid, and who have not been inoculated or otherwise treated, has been estimated at the rate of only 5 per cent. in some groups of cases, in others at 60 per cent., and in others at various intermediate rates. The mortality from bites of rabid wolves, for example, has been in different instances estimated at from 30 to 95 per cent.

To ascertain as far as possible the influence of these sources of fallacy in cases inoculated by M. Pasteur, the members of the Committee who went to Paris requested him to enable them to investigate by personal inquiry the cases of some of those who had been treated by him. He at once assented, and the names of ninety persons were taken from his note-book. No selection was made, except that the names were taken from his earliest cases and from those of persons living within reach of Paris, Lyons, and St. Etienne. The appendix and the Report of the Committee contain notes made on the spot concerning all these cases, and satisfied the members of the Committee of the perfect accuracy of M. Pasteur's reports. Surveying, then, the whole of these ninety cases, and comparing them with an equal number of unassorted cases—i.e. in which the doubtful points above alluded to were

more or less present—the Committee say, “We believe that of these no less than eight would have died if they had not been inoculated. At the time of the inquiry in April and May 1886, which was at least eighteen weeks since the treatment of the bites, not one person had shown any sign of hydrophobia, nor has any one of them since died of that disease. Between October 1885 and the end of the year 1886, M. Pasteur inoculated 2,682 persons, including 127 who went from this country (the whole of these English cases are described in the appendix).” Of the whole number of these cases, taking 5 per cent. as the lowest estimate of those who would have died had they not been protected, deaths would have occurred in 130 cases, whilst the actual number stated by M. Vulpian, speaking for M. Pasteur, was only thirty-one, including seven bitten by wolves, in three of whom the symptoms of hydrophobia appeared before they could be brought under the influence of treatment. The number of deaths assigned by those who have sought to prove the inutility of Pasteur’s treatment is forty out of the 2,682 cases.

The Committee hereupon observe:—“Making a fair allowance for uncertainties and other questions which cannot now be settled, we believe it sure that, excluding deaths after bites by rabid wolves, the proportion of deaths in the 2,682 persons bitten by other animals was between 1 and 1·2 per cent.—a proportion far lower than the lowest ever estimated among those not submitted to M. Pasteur’s treatment, showing even at this lowest estimate a saving of not less than 100 lives.”

The value of M. Pasteur’s method is further confirmed by the results obtained in certain groups of his cases. Of 233 persons bitten by animals in which rabies was proved either by inoculation from their spinal cords or by the occurrence of rabies in other animals, or persons bitten by them, only four died. Without inoculation it is more than probable that at least forty would have died. Further illustrations of this successful result is shown among other additional groups of cases. Between the end of last December and the end of March, M. Pasteur inoculated 509 persons bitten by animals proved to be rabid, either by inoculation from their spinal cords, or by the deaths of some of those bitten by them, or as reported on by veterinary surgeons. Of this number only two have died. One of these was bitten by a wolf a month before inoculation, and died after only three days’ treatment. If we omit, say, one-half of these cases as being too recent, the other 250 have had a mortality of less than 1 per cent., instead of 20 to 30 per cent.

“From the evidence of all these facts,” the Committee then say, “we think it certain that the inoculations practised by M. Pasteur on persons bitten by rabid animals have prevented the occurrence of hydrophobia in the large proportion of those who, if they had not been so inoculated, would have died of that disease; and we believe that the value of his discovery will be found much greater than can be estimated by its present utility, for it shows a method of inoculation by which it may be possible to avert after infection other diseases besides hydrophobia. His researches have also added very largely to the knowledge of this disease, and have supplied what is of the highest practicable value—namely, a sure means of determining whether an animal that has died under a suspicion of rabies was affected really with the disease or not.”

In reference to the question whether M. Pasteur’s treatment is dangerous to healthy life, it is necessary to refer to the two methods of inoculation which he has practised, and which are fully described in the appendix of the Report.

In the first, which may be called the *ordinary* method, the preventive material obtained from the spinal cord of rabbits who died of rabies is injected under the skin once a day for ten days in gradually increasing strength.

In the second, or what M. Pasteur calls the *intensive* method, adopted for the treatment of cases deemed specially urgent on account of the number or position of the bites, or the length of time since their infliction, the injections, gradually increasing in strength, were usually made three times on each of the first three days, then once daily for a week, and subsequently in different degrees of frequency for some days.

By the first, or *ordinary*, method there is no evidence or probability that any one has been in danger of dying, or has in any degree suffered for even a short time. But after the *intensive* method deaths have occurred under conditions which suggested that they were due to the inoculations rather than to the infection of the rabid animal. The question whether this is or is not so will remain undecided, for to avoid the possible, however improbable, risk of his intensive treatment, M. Pasteur has greatly modified it, and even in this modified form employs it in none but most urgent cases. The Committee then remark:—“The consideration of the whole subject has naturally raised the question whether rabies and hydrophobia can be prevented in this country.” “If the protection by inoculation should prove permanent, the disease might be suppressed by inoculating all dogs, but it is not probable that such inoculation would be voluntarily adopted by all owners of dogs, nor is it likely to be enforced on them by law.” If rabies cannot be thus stamped out or reduced by police regulations, it may be deemed certain that a large number of persons will every year require treatment by the method of M. Pasteur. “The average number of deaths,” say the Committee, “from hydrophobia during the ten years ending 1885 was, in all England, 43, in London alone, 8·5.” If, as in the estimate used for judging the utility of that method of treatment, these numbers are taken as representing only 5 per cent. of the persons bitten, a preventive

treatment will be required for 860 persons in all England, for 170 in London alone.

How this treatment can be procured is a question of great importance. We cannot continue to send such patients to France, however willing M. Pasteur may be to receive them. General hospitals in England cannot readily obtain the means for treating them. The Government will no doubt feel it necessary to place the subject in the hands of the Local Government Board, which already has the duty of superintending vaccination, a duty analogous to that now proposed for it.

A PISCATORY ECLOGUE.

THE sun is hot in these days, and streams are dry, and the real fisherman complaineth. Nevertheless there is talk of fishing, if only negative talk; for Mr. Gladstone has informed the world that he has “other work to do than fishing in the gutter.” Not, it would appear, because there is in the gutter any lack either of water or of fish, but because the quality of the haul is extremely disagreeable to Mr. Gladstone. Not the serpents which (according to one of the innumerable variants of the ballad of “Lord Randal”) the hero “gat in his father’s black ditches” were so unpleasant as the spoil which Mr. Gladstone gat from fishing in the black ditches of Mr. Louis Jennings, M.P. And the history of that fishing, and the reflections of the sportsman, and the reply of Mr. Louis Jennings, and the whole incident are full of much interest and instruction—interest and instruction which fortunately do not exclude amusement.

We should doubt whether the family of Gladstone are altogether grateful to Mr. H. J. Leech of Manchester. We never heard of Mr. H. J. Leech of Manchester; but it seems that he has taken the trouble to write a pamphlet in reply to a book which Mr. Jennings, M.P., has published, entitled *Mr. Gladstone: a Study*. Now, when anybody without a previous idea that Mr. Gladstone is a saint takes the actions of that great man as a subject for the process known as study, it is about ten to one that he will come to the conclusion that Mr. Gladstone is not quite a saint. To this conclusion, it would seem, Mr. Jennings, M.P., has come, and to this conclusion does Mr. H. J. Leech of Manchester by no means incline. So Mr. H. J. Leech of Manchester wrote his pamphlet (which we do not pretend to have seen), and with a cruel kindness sent it to Mr. Gladstone. To the ordinary man, even to the ordinary man who is a much smaller person than Mr. Gladstone, it would seem that the natural result of this would be the waste-paper basket or a polite note of acknowledgment. But Mr. Gladstone (let us hasten to gratify the wounded soul of the British Nonconformist by admitting it) is not an ordinary man, and he got into a most extraordinary rage. He read the pamphlet of Mr. H. J. Leech of Manchester with care, and is offensively grateful for it. “With great pains and marked ability” (which we trust is not, as in another famous case, a misprint for “morbid anility”), it seems Mr. Leech “has tracked wanton slander into its hiding-places and exposed it.” The unfeeling critic, looking at all these things with heartless eye, asks whether a book published with the author’s name, and no doubt anxious to spread itself as widely as it can, is exactly a “hiding-place,” but that may pass. Then Mr. Gladstone enters into particulars as to the famous Collier appointment. As to that appointment the opinion of all sensible men is, we believe, pretty much one—that, if it had been done in any other way and by a person less ostentatiously righteous and scrupulous than Mr. Gladstone, there would be nothing in the world to say against it, and that if Mr. Gladstone and the Lord Chancellor had faced the popular, or rather professional, clamour boldly, and said, “You don’t deny that the appointment is a good one; the legal conditions have been complied with; what else is there to say?” rejoinder would have been very difficult. But Mr. Gladstone, under the stimulus of the admiration of Mr. Leech of Manchester, outdoes himself. Forgetting his own pleas of sixteen years since, forgetting the circumstances of the case, forgetting everything but the strange Gladstonian *cacoëthes quiblandi*, he says, it was all that wicked Lord Chancellor. “With such acts, as far as I know, the Prime Minister never interferes.” So much for the first appointment; as for the second, “No Prime Minister, I suppose, ever makes such without the Lord Chancellor’s approval.” So, you see, it was all the Lord Chancellor’s fault; in the first case, because he would make an appointment with which good Mr. Gladstone did not like to interfere; in the second place, because he would not show the disapproval which good Mr. Gladstone eagerly, anxiously, and with a perfect readiness to be corrected, sought. Poor Lord Hatherley! Dead men tell no tales, and he cannot protest against this curious repetition of the manly apology which one Adam once made at the expense of one Eve.

Then Mr. Gladstone resumes; and, not apparently comforted by his own revival of the character of our common ancestor (to think that one should have had a common ancestor with Mr. Gladstone!), proceeds to lose his temper altogether. He has “never seen the book of Mr. Jennings,” or Mr. Jennings’s book. “He had not the courtesy or discourtesy to send it me, and I have other work to do than fishing in the gutter.” The painful commentator of the future will, we think, have some difficulty with this sentence. He will say, “Mr. Gladstone cannot have meant to say ‘courtesy,’ for it is certainly not courtesy to send to a man a book accusing him

of very discreditable conduct. Again, he cannot have meant 'dis-courtesy,' because, if Mr. Jennings 'had not the discourtesy' to do something, that is clearly to Mr. Jennings's credit. Yet, again, he must have written 'I have other gutters to fish in,' for history tells us that he was at the moment of composition fishing in a very dirty gutter indeed, and had landed an ugly brace of fish called 'Parnellism and Crime.' But this also shall pass, like all things, if only because we are anxious to get to the curious splutter of rage with which Mr. Gladstone ends his letter. "It is," he thinks, "very remarkable that a book resting on allegations which, if true, would suffice to ruin my character, should have totally failed to lift itself and its author out of obscurity"; and then Mr. Gladstone hopes his correspondent is happy at having "vindicated public justice against a gross offender," and says that he "feels warranted in using this language with reference to the passages you have quoted from Mr. Jennings, and the shameless misrepresentations they contain."

Now nothing is further from our intention than to appear here as apologists of Mr. Jennings. With the facts he could not go far wrong, but very likely (we speak of his book from very imperfect reminiscence) he did not go quite right. There is a danger, as all lawyers know, in too good a case, and to do justice, not in the conventional sense but in the strict one, to Mr. Gladstone we should have to call up Tacitus, or Dante, or Swift. But whatever defects there may have been in Mr. Jennings's book, there are none in his answer to Mr. Gladstone's letter, which letter indeed lets the adversary in so straight and plainly that a much less clever man than the member for Stockport could hardly miss his blow. A simpleton, however, would no doubt have tried to prove that a member of Parliament, a journalist of a good many years' standing, and the editor of such a book as the *Croker Papers* is not so entirely "obscure." Mr. Jennings does not lose his time in any such pleadings. He points out, what of course must strike every one, that the question is not Who says it? but Is it true? and he also points out that Mr. Gladstone does not attempt to face a single point, except the Collier matter, where, as we have seen, he was only technically wrong to begin with, but where he makes himself a good deal more than technically wrong by his shuffling reply. It is very curious how this kind of exculpation seems to be growing in favour of the Gladstonian party. It is exactly in the same vein that when they are confronted with the charges against their new friends, the "rebel party," they answer:

That these are very old charges.

That the *Times* brought charges against Nicodemus and Polyphemus formerly.

That the Conservatives courted the alliance of these same criminals.

That the people of Ireland like the criminals, and have elected them.

And, in short, anything but "These charges are false, and we can prove them to be false." "The goodness of ale," says a very clever man, "does not depend so much upon who brews it as upon what it is brewed of." And so the "wanton slander," the "gross offence," the "shameless misrepresentation," and all the rest of it, of Mr. Jennings's indictment, depend very much less upon the question whether Mr. Jennings is obscure than upon the question whether what Mr. Jennings says is true. Mr. Gladstone, and those about Mr. Gladstone, seem to be in this and other matters strangely ignorant that it is the crime and not the denunciation of the crime which is shameful and shameless.

But there is another thing about Mr. Gladstone's letter which is very interesting and noteworthy, and that is his extreme wrath. One would imagine that before this wicked member for Stockport arose nobody had ever found fault with Mr. Gladstone at all. Now, speaking as before with all the reserve due to imperfect acquaintance, we are not aware that there was anything in Mr. Jennings's book which was new, or that the view which Mr. Jennings took, whether it was expressed with injudicious bitterness or not, was at all different from the view which for many years past has been taken by an ever-increasing number of intelligent and well-informed men; so that if nowadays any admirer of Mr. Gladstone is to be found, he is in at least four cases out of five either unintelligent, or interested, or ignorant of the facts. Yet Mr. Gladstone is apparently as wroth as if the accusations were quite new. He has not seen Mr. Jennings's book, and though the obscurity of that extremely learned language, Gladstonese, prevents us from being certain, it would seem that he had never, before Mr. Leech's pamphlet reached him, heard of it. Now this would seem to confirm in a very curious way the popular legend that much the same kind of economy is used towards Mr. Gladstone as was used towards the late Miss Evans. They kept from George Eliot all unpleasant reviews. Can it be that they really, and not merely in myth, keep from Mr. Gladstone all unpleasant comments? Undoubtedly this would explain much in his character and conduct, and it would certainly explain his extraordinary rage with poor Mr. Jennings for saying in concentrated form, and perhaps less polite language, what probably the majority of educated Englishmen, from Lord Palmerston downwards, have been saying, in louder and ever louder chorus, for more than twenty years. "Shameless," "wanton," "gross," "slander," "gutter," "offender." Brave words, Mr. Gladstone, very brave words. But what if the grossness of the slander happen to be only a blunt expression of the truth?

ARCHITECTURE AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THERE is less than usual to attract the eye or fire the imagination of a castle-builder in the architectural room this year. There are few large drawings, and decoration rather than construction seems to have been aimed at by most of the exhibitors. Gothic is only fairly represented; classical architecture not at all. As for the fashionable "Queen Anne," it seems to stand still, and if its votaries are right in claiming it as the lawful heir and successor of the latest developments of the English Tudor style, we can only wonder that it does not itself progress. The abandonment of the learned styles of Inigo and Wren was necessary; they could have no successors; but the genius of Inigo Jones for picturesque proportion and of Wren for "taking pains" might have made something of the new movement. As it is, we have one fine design for "The Metropolitan Police Central Offices" (1846), by Mr. Norman Shaw, who has the true and intuitive artistic faculty; in it, besides the general air given to the design by carefully worked-out proportions, we find some good Italian features, as a fine "egg and dart" cornice—in such a place Wren would have used brackets—but the dignity of the building is much marred by the hanging turrets. Mr. Masey's design for "City Police Courts" (1650) has won him the Soane medallion of the Royal Institute of British Architects; but we cannot greatly admire it, except as an imitation of the style of Mr. Norman Shaw, who has to answer for much work of this kind among the drawings of the younger architects.

Another Academician, Mr. Pearson, is true to the old Pointed style. We have here his diploma work, deposited on his election. It is a view from the north-east of the central tower of "Truro Cathedral" (1631), and has a fine and imposingly mediæval effect. The contrast between this piece of work and another diploma drawing, "Manchester Town Hall" (1680), by Mr. Waterhouse, is painful. Mr. Waterhouse also exhibits a portentous "Proposed Royal Infirmary" (1656), which, like another design (1596) by the same eminent architect, betrays a curious absence of architectural feeling, a negation of beauty, which must in itself from its very difficulty be the result of long study in ugliness. Mr. Oldrid Scott's "Steeple of St. Michael's Church, Coventry" (1645), is pleasing, to say the least; but one of the most purely Gothic of the designs this year is Mr. Marvin's "Proposed Church of St. Michael" (1695), which, if carried out, will prove a very monumental structure, with a Lady Chapel and high choir windows above, the whole finely dominated by a tower and steeple. The catalogue does not say where it is proposed to build it. Mr. Basil Champneys, in his drawings for "Mansfield College" (1725 and 1755), is more nearly commonplace than is usual with him; and his "Vicarage of St. Bride, Fleet Street" (called, by the way, "St. Bride's Vicarage" in the catalogue), is not well represented in a dark and heavy drawing (1692). "Church of the Holy Trinity, Long Melford, Suffolk" (1632), is a sketch which represents a magnificent Perpendicular building, with countless windows and full of light. Mr. Johnson's reredos, bishop's throne, and choir stalls for "St. Nicholas's Church, Newcastle-on-Tyne" (1622), and Mr. John D. Sedding's interior of the "Church of the Redeemer, Clerkenwell" (1640), may be contrasted as examples of variety in Gothic design. We are not quite pleased with Mr. Jackson's "New Front and Gateway Tower" (1689) for Brasenose College, to face the High; but the same gentleman's "New Church at Northampton" (1777) is very satisfactory. The advantage here taken of the sloping site, without any straining after effect, is well worthy of notice.

Of Italian designs perhaps the most important is that of Mr. Arthur Blomfield for the Fleet Street branch of the "Bank of England" (1770), which is very dignified and massive without being heavy. There is a pretty little drawing by Mr. Phené Spiers of an "Etablissement Hydropathique" (1589), with a tiled roof and well accented but plain features, a building which looks like what it is, and requires no ornamental carving to make it seem wholesome and pleasant. The design for the "Proposed New Wing and Additional Storey" (1603) for the old Town Hall of Carlisle, by Mr. C. J. Ferguson, has a municipal quietness which recommends it, while it exhibits some picturesque details. Some little interiors by Mr. Belcher are pictures rather than architectural designs, but should be noticed, as should a fine drawing by M. Lessore of the "Clyde Trust Building, Glasgow" (1668), designed by Messrs. Burnet and Campbell, who exhibit a further design for the extension of the same building in No. 1681. It is not pleasant to find fault at any time, and still less when one is likely to be reminded of the offence several times a day for years to come, but the new buildings now rising in Arlington Street and Piccadilly (1636) will long remain an eyesore; and the "Warehouses over the Former Site of St. Paul's Schools" (1732) are, architecturally speaking, and especially in reference to their place just behind St. Paul's Cathedral, simply disgraceful to the civilization of the century. This same happy ignorance of architectural design which enables some architects to raise such structures as those which overshadow the Chapel at Whitehall enables others, without a blush, to disfigure St. Paul's Churchyard with such meaningless and vulgar elevations as these. There is much more of the same kind in the exhibition, the worst example being perhaps the vulgar "Queen's Hall" (1679), which Mr. Robson has so unfortunately built for the People's Palace. If anywhere, good architecture, and not tawdry ornament, should have been exhibited here. Not to end with such saddening failures to appreciate correctly.

a great opportunity, let us conclude by calling attention to two remarkable original efforts in, literally, naval architecture, Mr. J. J. Stevenson's designs (1742 and 1744) for the dining saloon, drawing-room, and library of a steamship, the *Ormuz*, in which great difficulties have been successfully grappled with and overcome. Whether it will mitigate the horrors of a rough voyage to undergo them in a carved oak saloon, or surrounded by pictures and books and stained glass, is beside the question.

LAST WEEK'S PANIC IN NEW YORK.

THE sudden and short-lived panic in New York on Friday of last week, and the depression in the stock markets which has continued since, are the result partly of the war scare in Europe early this year, and partly of the dearth and scarcity of loanable capital in the great cities of the Union. When the revival of trade in the United States began, about two years ago, there began also buying of American railroad securities by European capitalists and speculators. The buying went on all through the autumn of 1885 and throughout the whole of last year, when suddenly Prince Bismarck's speech in the Reichstag alarmed the whole Continent for the peace of Europe, and a scare upon the Bourses and Stock Exchanges followed a few weeks later. The scare was particularly severe in Paris, and the selling extended, not alone to all of what are called International securities, but to American railroad securities also; perhaps, indeed, it would be more correct to say that American railroad securities were sold on a much larger scale and more recklessly than anything else, because other securities were at times entirely unmarketable, and there were always buyers, at a price, of American railroad securities. The selling went on from every great European capital; but, as we have said, it was especially large from Paris. It is asserted that a single Parisian great capitalist sold not far short of a million shares of American railroads in the course of a few weeks. The securities were bought almost entirely by the capitalists and speculators of New York, and they were bought, too, at a comparatively small fall in price. In New York it was then supposed that the question of war or peace would be very speedily decided; that if peace was assured confidence would at once return and securities would be bought back, leaving a handsome profit to the New York purchasers, while if war broke out it was assumed that capital would be remitted in very large amounts from those countries likely to be the theatre of operations, and would be invested for the greater part in American securities as they would be entirely out of the range of hostilities. As a matter of fact, however, though peace has continued, uncertainty has not been put an end to. Everyone now hopes that there will be no war, at any rate for this year; but everybody sees very clearly that all the conditions which made war appear imminent a few months ago exist to-day. There is thus no return of confidence, and consequently there has been no buying back by the sellers of January and February. The great capitalists and speculators of New York have found that the shares and bonds which they bought in such immense quantities at the beginning of the year remain on their hands, and that purchasers for them are not likely to come forward very early. They had bought, as we have said, in the confident expectation that they would be able to sell again very soon at a handsome profit, and they find their expectations disappointed, and no prospect of a demand for the securities at an early date. Of itself alone this was sure to bring about a fall in prices. The great capitalists, of course, can afford to wait. They know the value of the securities they bought; and, having once paid for them, they can put them away until a favourable moment returns. But speculators are not in the same comfortable position. They have to borrow the money with which they buy; they cannot wait indefinitely, therefore, for a sale—sooner or later they are obliged to realize, and the condition of the New York money market has compelled numbers of them to end their speculation rather precipitately.

The extraordinary improvement in trade which has been going on for the past two years has, of course, been accompanied by a wild speculation in every direction. Railway building is being pushed forward more rapidly than ever before—which means, we need hardly say, that too much capital is being sunk in that form, and in too short a time. The iron trade and the coal trade are being stimulated by railway building. And house building in the great cities is being pushed forward rapidly. In thirty-five cities of the United States the estimated value of new buildings in the first five months of the current year shows an increase over the first five months of last year of about 22 per cent.; and in forty-three cities of the United States the estimated value of the transfers of real estate, also in the first five months of this year, shows an increase over the corresponding period of last year of about 52 per cent. All this clearly proves wild speculative building, and still wilder speculation in land. We know how reckless has been the speculation in wheat and coffee, and, in short, in every direction there is a mad speculation going on. All this creates an extraordinary demand for money. Cash is needed to pay workpeople, to increase workshops, to provide the materials for railways, houses, and the like, and also for moving all sorts of commodities by railway. And the increase in the currency of the United States thereby required has

led to an abnormal withdrawal of money from New York for all parts of the interior. The National Bank-law requires that National Banks shall always keep 25 per cent. of their net deposits in cash. If they fail to do so the Government Inspector may require them to make up the amount within thirty days, and if they fail may close the bank. The penalty, it will be seen, is a very severe one; but naturally it is not often enforced. Recently, however, a Government examiner, being dissatisfied with the securities held by a bank in Cincinnati, and being convinced that the directors and officers had been guilty of fraud, actually proceeded to close the bank, and declare it insolvent. This act of vigour on his part has naturally brought home to bank managers throughout the Union that at any moment they may be treated quite unceremoniously also if they infringe the law. Now, the demand for coin and notes all over the Union has drawn so heavily upon the resources of the banks associated in the Clearing House of New York, that out of about sixty-three, no more than three or four now hold in cash more than the 25 per cent. of the net deposits required by law. In other words, only three or four of the banks in New York which hold the ultimate banking reserve of the United States are any longer in a position either to lend or to discount. They have to obey the law, and if they do not obey the law, they are liable to be closed within a month by a Government official. Being in this state it is easy to understand that several of those banks have been calling in loans. Probably it was the pressure put by bank managers upon those engaged in the "corner" in wheat and coffee that broke down those combinations, and there can be little doubt that the same kind of pressure had something to do with the panic in New York on Friday of last week, and with the fall in prices that has been since going on.

The demand for money because of the improvement in trade and the reckless speculation going on in all directions is not the only reason of the difficulty in which the Associated Banks of New York find themselves. As our readers are aware the revenue of the United States greatly exceeds the expenditure, and the surplus has been employed ever since the close of the War in paying off debt. Within the past seven or eight years the surplus so applied has been enormous in magnitude, with the result that the debt has been redeemed at an unprecedentedly rapid rate. But the National Banks of the United States are allowed to issue notes only on condition of lodging as security in the Treasury interest-bearing bonds of the United States. Consequently, the redemption of debt by calling in bonds from the banks which had lodged them in the Treasury as security has compelled those banks to diminish their notes in circulation. There being no means in the United States by which a bank can recover and cancel notes issued by it, the banks which have been unable to do so are obliged to lodge in the Treasury an equivalent amount of Treasury notes or of coin; and thus there has been a contraction of the currency either in the form of bank-notes or of Treasury notes, or of gold and silver certificates, or of coin. Meanwhile all the bonds that can be called and redeemed at par have actually been called, and the last of them were to have been redeemed yesterday; and in consequence the surplus of revenue over expenditure has been accumulating in the Treasury. Thus the New York money market has been drained in two directions; money has been going from it into the Treasury, and going from it also into the interior for trade purposes, with the result, as we have said, that the greater part of the banks are unable for the time being to do the business for which they exist. Trade, however, is carried on chiefly by means of banking accommodation, and so is speculation; and when bankers are unable to give the accommodation which they were established to give, and which their customers naturally look to them to furnish, those customers are unable to carry on their transactions, and a breakdown in the speculative markets is a necessary consequence. Considering all things, the breakdown has been less than might reasonably have been expected. It is evident that the great capitalists must have exerted themselves very much to support the market, for we had a combination of circumstances which otherwise might have produced a panic—dear and scarce money; failures in wheat and coffee; one glaring bank failure, with a case of fraud; reports that numerous other banks were in a serious position; a vast speculation of every kind and in every direction, and a large quantity of bonds and shares bought months ago in the hope of being sold rapidly, and for which no market was available. Under these circumstances, a very serious fall all round would not have been at all surprising. But the purely commercial conditions were highly favourable. Trade, as we have said, is improving in all directions; railway earnings are increasing at an extraordinarily rapid rate; dividend prospects consequently are good; confidence in the future is high, and, therefore, the great capitalists would appear to have come to the support of the market, and the crisis has been tided over with a much smaller fall and with much fewer failures than could reasonably have been looked for. Speculators, of course, took advantage of the combination of adverse conditions to force down prices for their own profit. Mr. Jay Gould has the credit of leadership and of having made large gains. But speculative manipulation could have done little, were it not for the scarcity and dearth of loanable capital and the political apprehensions that have disturbed Europe.

MINOR GALLERIES.

THERE is not very much to be said about the Summer Exhibition of the Hanover Gallery that we have not said already. Many pictures have figured in former exhibitions here, and others so closely resemble what has been seen before that they hardly require separate notice. Thus we have work by Messrs. J. L. Meissonier, P. Billet, P. Lazerges, Brandeis, T'Scharner, and others of a kind familiar to frequenters of this Gallery. Then there are two lively representations of bull-fights (99 and 103) by M. Benlliure, and one or two notes of pleasant, rather cooked-up, colour in Mr. Munger's usual manner. "Not Very Well" (100) is a particularly fine and early example of M. Chevallard's good-humoured and sportive treatment of priests. M. Benlliure's and M. Chevallard's works are to be found in the upper gallery, amongst the water-colours. Other drawings in this room also deserve attention. On turning to the oils we notice the delicate modelling and fine colour of a Roybet entitled "The Page" (89), the skilful but small workmanship of Fichel's "First Fencing Lesson" (75), and the fine dignified treatment of detail in Baron Leys's solemn and low-toned "Erasmus" (42). These and Alfred Stevens's brilliantly clever painting of a lady in white, "Waiting—In the Ballroom" (40), may be called the most important of the indoor figure-pictures. A "Landscape and Sheep" (62), by Xavier de Cock, though characteristic of his style, and pleasant in colour, seems somewhat loose and pointless as far as form is concerned. Though the ground and the road are wonderfully drawn and modelled, "Landscape and Figure" (32) is by no means such a notable or characteristic Corot as "The Lane" of a previous exhibition. Specimens of Rousseau, Diaz, Daubigny, and Jacque are to be seen, but a Troyon "Landscape in Provence" (56), full of rich colour, and fine in tone, appears to us unquestionably the best example of the school.

Messrs. Obach & Co. are well supplied with pictures of the French schools by good painters, both living and dead. Some five or six Corots of various sizes and degrees of finish are by no means all of them of the first order. Diaz's art is best seen in two landscapes of Fontainebleau Forest, and particularly in the larger one, a rich and glowing autumn scene. We have already noticed the best of the Daubignys, a sketch of river with banks clad in the full green of summer, seen towards evening. A highly finished picture of round bowery trees by Rousseau shows in its small blobby touch some evidence of his study of those Dutch masters that Gainsborough at times imitated. Here all similarity ends; the larger perception of nature, the profounder depths of atmospheric envelopment, are entirely due to Rousseau's own feeling and observation. With these pictures we must mention a fine Troyon showing some cattle grazing in a large, open, and rolling country well warmed up by sunlight, a shepherdess and sheep under trees, and beside thatched cottages in a dark landscape, by Jacque, and a very small, but beautiful, Dupré, of apple-trees and figures, painted in 1867. These, a bandit in red on horseback by Delacroix, and other works by the same masters, complete the list of what comes from the original school of 1830. Amongst work by later painters we notice two or three landscapes painted in Harpignies's elegant and accurate manner, and notably a Moonrise, which proclaims him an inheritor, if a somewhat dry and over-scrupulous one, of Corot's grace and poetry. Several Mauves, a small but characteristic Henner, a couple of Meissonier's careful canvases, and work by Billet and Hawksley add some interest and variety to the show. A Pastel by Israels of women spreading nets is worth looking at, and so are water-colours by Mesdag, Fortuny, Chevallard, Harpignies, and a few more.

The best Corots we have seen at these exhibitions are three at Messrs. Buck & Reid's, of no great size, but full of charm and naturalness. They differ extremely; one, conceived in a key of dark silver, shows some feathery trees and a graceful suggestion of reeds overhanging a lake. A second, in which neither the detail nor the true green of nature is in any way shirked, presents a view of trees beside water. The third, evidently a sketch from nature, has not been touched since, and both the composition and the painting have the charm of accident and the unstudied capriciousness of reality. A fine specimen of the Spanish painter, Còsillo, a full-length of a lady in a dress, the intricate pattern of which is admirably rendered, has lately come into the possession of Messrs. Buck & Reid.

THE OPERA.

THE attraction of a specially excellent performance of *Faust* at Drury Lane was not enhanced by the introduction of the Walpurgis scene. This ballet—for it is a ballet, and nothing more—is an inartistic concession to a frivolous taste. M. Gounod's opera has always struck us as being complete without it, and incomplete with it; for when this scene is given the action is needlessly delayed, interest is diverted, *Faust* and *Mefistofele* lose the effect of the illusion they have created, and weaken that which is to follow by sitting down placidly to watch the commonplace antics of the *corps de ballet* as the rank and file hop aimlessly hither and thither, and the principal dancers gyrate in their familiarly meaningless and wearisome fashion. M. Gounod's ballet music is ex-

ceedingly melodious, as our readers are doubtless aware, and the manager of Drury Lane has provided dresses which do credit to his intelligence; but the person who is responsible for the arrangement of the dances has completely failed to rise to the occasion. This ballet might be an excerpt from any pantomime, and would be precisely as appropriate to *Robinson Crusoe*, *Ali Baba*, or *Robin Hood*, as it is to *Faust*. The introduction practically makes an additional act, between the fourth and fifth acts proper. The curtain rises on the Brocken, which is not so ingeniously represented at Drury Lane as we have seen it in some foreign theatres where the Walpurgis ballet is given; there is an absence of the unearthliness and terror which belong to the scene, and it is very far behind the Lyceum spectacle in artistic value. The row of sullenly burning braziers used at the Grand Opéra in Paris was infinitely more effective than Mr. Harris's dancing "corpse-lights." The Brocken having faded at a sign from *Mefistofele*, "the ruins of a gigantic palace lit up by a weird light" appear, to quote the description in the book that is sold in the theatre. We did not notice the "weird light," and the palace was in very tolerable repair; but these are details. The witches, if they are witches, are all young; of course there is no place for Protophantasmist, Servibilis, and other characters of the true *Faust*. Helen is borrowed from Goethe's second part; and yet we certainly will not say that the ballet-girl who erects herself on the toes of one foot, and seeks, as it were, to describe figures from the Propositions of Euclid with the toes of the other, is truly even a humble shadow of her who brought about the mournful cry, "Fuimus Troes; fuit Ilium." Here, too, we are supposed to find Cleopatra and others; we could not identify them, but they all tripped about in the same fashion—Aspasia, Lais, Phryne, and the rest—jerked their heads playfully, but not gracefully, at the spectators, who wonder what they are. The worst of this is that a necessary question of the play has all the while to be considered, and that the feebleness and futility of the ballet reflect and react on *Faust* and *Mefistofele*.

The two brothers who fill the characters of *Faust* and *Mefistofele* at Drury Lane, MM. Jean and Edouard de Reszké, are of the highest competence. The *Faust*'s utterances of fierce discontent in the opening scene, his demeanour when the fiend appears—*Faust* shrinks from him, but more in surprise than in terror—his eager desire to retaste departed joys, are particularly well expressed by M. Jean de Reszké, who, however, weakens illusion in the third act by saying "Salve! dimora," not to the dimora, but across the footlights. The pitch is low at Drury Lane; but, counting that the tone which is accepted as B flat is practically A natural, it is strange to remember that M. Jean de Reszké, possessor of such ringing high notes, has sung the part of Don Giovanni on these same boards. Whether his voice will last is a point upon which fortunately we are not called upon to speculate; it is a very agreeable voice at present, though now and again a phrase strikes us as not of the purest tenor quality. At the same time it is not too much to say on the evidence before us that M. Jean de Reszké is, as actor and singer, the direct successor to Mario. M. Edouard de Reszké is, we think, the best *Mefistofele* we have seen since M. Faure. The artist bases his conception on the lines laid down by his predecessor; but, of course, admirably as the great baritone always sang, he had not the splendid voice of his successor. The *Mefistofele* of M. Edouard Reszké always commands the scene; his personality is felt whenever he is on the stage. Possibly there is no better way of treating the incident of the fiend cowering before the cross than that commonly adopted by representatives of the part; and yet, magnificently as the idea is carried out by M. Gounod, the episode is never completely satisfactory. Even the fine artist who now plays the part at Drury Lane follows conventional lines. He is not conventional, however, in the church scene. The fiendish joy over the Gretchen's agony, the diabolical wrath with which he battles against her repentance, the final revelation of himself to her as he stands by her side with upraised arms overwhelming her, are intensely powerful. We might prefer a totally different reading; our praise is directed to M. de Reszké's admirable interpretation of his own reading. M. Maurel's Valentino would be much better if he did not continually give way to exaggeration of every kind. Mlle. Nordica's Margherita we have on a former occasion had the pleasure of warmly commending.

Signor Mancinelli is an excellent conductor of an orchestra, but leaves to seek in the matter of accompaniment. He more than once hurried the time against the singers.

The début of Mlle. Gambogi as Lucia was an event of minor importance, but of much interest. The newcomer is very young, inexperienced, and evidently a novice in all matters of what may be termed "stage conduct." Hence her absolute unconventionality, which, by the way, had its charm—that of freshness. Her voice is a pure and sweet soprano, of moderate volume, which she uses to great advantage. Her method is good, her intonation faultless, and her phrasing excellent. All she needs is experience and application. At present her voice is too weak to permit of any dramatic effect, and, therefore, in the third act, during the great contract scene, she was manifestly overweighted and failed to inspire her audience with a due sense of the pathos and passion of one of the finest situations in opera. In the mad scene she sang charmingly. Mr. Harris "staged" this time-honoured opera very picturesquely; the costumes were those of the period—the close of the eighteenth century—and the chorists were effectively grouped throughout.

Mr. Mapleson reopened Her Majesty's Theatre on Saturday

evening with what proved to be a fine performance of Beethoven's *Fidelio*. Signor Arditi conducted, and the two "noblest of overtures" were efficiently rendered, although a few more rehearsals would doubtless have been of service, and the chorus was evidently embarrassed at times with the difficulties of the score. The interest of the evening centred round Mlle. Lilli Lehmann, who as Leonora (*Fidelio*) proved herself to be a singer and actress of great ability. Her reading of the part was admirable, and the "Invocation to Hope" has not been heard so grandly rendered since the days of Mlle. Titiana. In the prison scene Mlle. Lehmann rose to the highest excellence. Mme. Sinico was the Marcellina, Signor Rinaldini Jacquinio, and Signor Novara sang and played Rocco in excellent style. M. Caylus was the Florestan, but did not lend the music allotted to him the charm of perfect intonation. *Carmen* was repeated on Monday with the same cast as heretofore, and Mme. Trebelli renewed her triumph as the heroine.

Les Huguenots at Covent Garden on Saturday night introduced Miss Ella Russell as Marguerite de Valois, and she sang the high light music of the part with much charm. Mme. Scalchi was Urbino, and Mlle. Sandra, a Russian lady—a débutante—was the Valentine. Her voice—a very pure soprano—was not sufficiently powerful or dramatic for this trying part, and she proved to be moreover an indifferent actress. M. Devoyod was an admirable De Nevers, M. Lorrain excellent as St. Bris, and Señor Gayarré was the Raoul. Signor Campello's Marcella was a very fine performance. Miss Ella Russell's performance of the part of Amina was unaffected and graceful. Her sympathetic voice told well throughout, but she sang "Ah, non credea," too slowly and dolefully, and "Ah, non giunge," too quickly. She was at her best in the cavatina and *cabaletta* "Sovra il sen," and also in the pathetic finale to the second act, when she sang "D'un pensier" very sweetly.

It is some years since *Guglielmo Tell* has been heard in London. The overture on Tuesday night was magnificently played, Signor Bevigiani leading with great spirit and judgment. The difficult part of Arnoldo was undertaken by a new comer, M. Prévost, who possesses a noisy rather than a musical voice. When he had declamation pure and simple to deal with he was decidedly effective, but his cantabile throughout was disagreeably loud and unmusical, notwithstanding his evident earnestness and his fine acting. Miss Ella Russell was eminently successful as Matilda, and sang "Selva opaca" charmingly. Mlle. Ponti, a young lady with a melodious and sympathetic voice, had only too small a part allotted to her, that of Jemmy, which she invested, however, with unusual prominence. It is to be hoped that this promising singer will appear soon in a more important part. The Edwige of Mlle. de Spagni was excellent. M. Devoyod was the Tell, and sang and acted with great effect and power, and he was well assisted by Signor Campello as Walter. The chorus was worthy of high praise, displaying notable excellence in the unaccompanied chorus at the beginning of the second act.

IN THE TWO HOUSES.

IRELAND and the Irish have again occupied the greater part of the time of the House of Commons. Mr. Arthur Balfour must sometimes feel disposed to parody the remark which William III. made to the Duke Hamilton of his day who was sounding the praises or dwelling on the wrongs of Scotland:—"My lord, I wish it was a hundred thousand miles away, and you was king of it." If Ireland were a hundred thousand miles away, Mr. Parnell or any one else might be crowned king of it, with Mr. Gladstone or Sir George Trevelyan for his Prime Minister, and though Ireland probably would not be much the better, England would be very little the worse. Unfortunately Ireland is not a hundred thousand miles off, and the art of mechanical engineering has not yet reached that degree of perfection which admits of its removal. If and until this solution of the problem by physical separation can be accomplished, political separation remains impracticable. The most important feature in the discussion of the Crimes Bill on the Report was Mr. Smith's motion on Thursday that that stage, if it is not previously concluded, be brought to a close at seven o'clock next Monday. The motion was carried by 220 votes against 120 after a short discussion, in which no occupant of the front Opposition bench, and no member of considerable distinction, unless Mr. Labouchere is to be counted as such, took part. After this feeble protest, the protesting members betook themselves to the galleries of the House, and the consideration of the Bill as amended was resumed without their participation. Mr. Balfour moved several amendments which were passed without opposition; and the Report stage being concluded, the third reading of the Bill was fixed for Tuesday. As the third reading of the Irish Land Bill was to take place last night in the House of Lords, Mr. Smith's pledge that the Commons would not part with the Crimes Bill till the Land Bill should be in their hands will be easily redeemed.

Whether Mr. Pitt was right in describing patience as the quality most necessary of all in a statesman, or Danton in giving the preference to audacity, is a point which any one may determine for himself. It is gratifying to reflect that both qualities have been displayed in the House of Commons during the present Session in their highest degree. On the side of the Opposition there has been no lack of audacity. On the Ministerial benches

there has been perhaps an excess of patience. The rope has been paid out at a length superfluous for the suspensory purpose for which it was intended. If the Anglo-Scoto-Irish Opposition had desired to discuss the clauses which had not been reached when Mr. Smith gave notice of his motion of Closure in Committee, and to submit seriously intended amendments to them, the time of grace which he allowed would have been ample. Instead of turning the interval allowed them to account, the Irish members multiplied dilatory amendments. They have thirty-five new clauses on the notice-paper, the discussion and decision of which necessarily preceded the discussion of amendments to the text of the Bill. The proof that they were bent on deliberately wasting the time of the House was ample, and would have justified an earlier intervention on the part of Mr. Smith to rescue that time from their hands. Their refusal to avail themselves of the time placed at their disposal between Thursday and Monday next, and their acquiescence in the Closure on the earlier day, show how little they care for really amending the Bill. The Irish members have given abundant proof of their moral unfitness for Parliamentary responsibility. They seem to be absolutely without the sense of it. They themselves and their conduct in the English House of Commons form one of the strongest arguments against Mr. Gladstone's scheme for giving over Irish legislation and administration into their hands. Their conduct is the more to be regretted because, owing to the manner in which Bills are drafted now, there is scarcely a measure which comes before Parliament which does not require to be carefully considered, both as to its substance and as to its terms, clause by clause and line by line, in Committee and in Report. A Bill, as it is submitted to either House, is usually little more than a rough draft of a project of law, an outline sketch requiring to be filled in and corrected in detail. The Gladstonian and Parnellite opposition in the House of Commons have combined to defeat the purpose for which the Committee and Report stages of the procedure with Bills were invented. Possibly when the measure reaches the House of Lords, that assembly may discharge towards it its useful function as a chamber of revision and correction. Lord Granville, Lord Spencer, Lord Rosebery, Lord Ripon, Lord Kimberley, and the rest, cannot clear themselves of moral responsibility of alliance with the party of Parliamentary obstruction, and with the apologists of boycotting, of violence, and of plunder. But they are not subject to the deteriorating influences of contact day by day with the Biggars, Conybeares, Tanners, and some other more distinguished wasters of the public time. They may do something by reasonable conduct in the Upper House partially to efface the bad impression made by their colleagues and confederates on the front Opposition bench and below the gangway in the Lower.

On Monday, Mr. Edmund Robertson and Mr. John Morley interposed obstacles in the shape of amendments to the consideration of the Crimes Bill as a Report. Mr. Robertson virtually proposed to give to one House of Parliament only the power of legislation in repeal of legislation by moving that the Act may be declared void by an Order of Council on an address to the Crown by either House of Parliament. To state this proposition is to condemn it. Anything more unconstitutional cannot be conceived. It reduces the three branches of Parliament to two, and substitutes, for a particular purpose, the one-Chamber for the two-Chamber system. Mr. John Morley, knowing how difficult it is to enact a necessary measure of coercion, and how easy it is to repeal an unnecessary one, and knowing, too, that the Bill practically repeals itself in the absence of the crimes against which it is directed, proposed to limit its operation to three years. He desires, presumably, that at the end of that time the proceedings which have wasted one whole Session of Parliament shall waste another whole Session of Parliament. Coercive legislation not limited in time may be unprecedented; but, according to the logic which Mr. Morley has learned from Mr. Mill, the common feature of all previous measures may be the cause of the failure common to them all. Mr. Balfour, as Mr. Morley reminded him, is a metaphysician. But Mr. Balfour, rather than Mr. Morley, is, in this matter, the true disciple of the experience philosophy. The doctrine—though Mr. Gladstone supported Mr. Morley, boldly asserting himself to be the champion of law and order—that the treatment shall cease at a given date, whether the patient is cured or not, seems as irrational in State as it would be in humbler practice. Mr. Gladstone was even more wildly declamatory than his later wont has been, and talked of a Bill which might be repealed next year, if the necessity for it ceased, as branding the Irish people for all time with an everlasting stigma, and so on. This is sheer nonsense, of which the cooler judgment of Mr. Gladstone's Eton and Oxford debating-society days would have been incapable and ashamed. We will not waste space in describing in detail the waste of Parliamentary time in the discussion of bogus clauses which has marked the week in the House of Commons. The tediousness and disorder of one sitting are the tediousness and disorder of another. The nights succeed and resemble each other.

The House of Lords, to which we have to turn to assure ourselves that such a country as England exists, and that social and political reforms are practicable, has passed the Land Transfer Bill through Committee. Lord Herschell, discouraged at first, has succeeded in mastering the provisions of the Bill, and has been as fertile in amendments as Mr. Chance or the brothers Healy in the other House. But they were businesslike, they occupied only two sittings, and some of them were accepted by the Lord Chancellor. The most valuable contribution which Lord Herschell made to politics during the discussion was not an

amendment, but a remark. "In his opinion," he said, "it was undesirable to take land from one man and give it to another." We do not know whether Lord Herschell limits this statement to the occasion and subject-matter with which he was then busy, or whether he holds it to be true without reference to geographical frontiers, sound in Ireland as well as in England, valid not merely in Georgium Sidus, with which Lord Herschell has a nominal if not a family connexion, but also on this earth. Such a statement as this, coming from a man who has been a colleague of Mr. Gladstone's, and who in the mysterious dispensations of Providence may be so again, is not a little consolatory.

Besides the Crimes Bill, the Commons have advanced the Coal Mines' Regulation Bill by several clauses. They have also talked about the new Anglo-Turkish Convention, Sir Wilfrid Lawson obtaining permission to move the adjournment of the House for the purpose of calling attention, as a subject of urgent political importance, to the desirability of discussing that instrument before it is ratified. Mr. Gladstone, however, supported Mr. Smith in resisting a course in contradiction of invariable usage, and the motion was defeated by 276 votes to 115. Besides putting the Land Transfer Bill through Committee, the Lords have read a second time Lord Mount Temple's Open Spaces Acts Extension Bill, passed the Irish Municipal Acts Amendment Bill and the Incumbents Resignation Act Amendment Bill through Committee, and discussed the organization at the War Office at the instance of Lord Chelmsford, and the relations between the Admiralty and the Naval Volunteer Home Defence Association on the initiative of Lord Cowper.

MATINÉE CONCERTS.

THE principal event in the musical world during the Jubilee week was undoubtedly the first performance of Dr. Mackenzie's "Jubilee Hymn" at the Crystal Palace concert. It is in five numbers, and quite short; but, for all this, it is a splendid pendant to "The Rose of Sharon," full of scientific musical knowledge, artfully combined with a fair amount of the purely æsthetic. The principal motive is charming, and the chorus very effective. It will be heard again in London before long, and will doubtless be even better performed than it was last week at the Palace.

Miss de Fonblanque's concert was eminently successful, and this really charming singer won much and deserved applause. If our English singers would only have a little more "go" in them, there is no reason why they should not rival the Americans. Their voices, as a rule, are richer and more sympathetic; but they certainly lack artistic sentiment. This *à propos* of, but not concerning, Miss de Fonblanque, who has a fine voice and much dramatic feeling, and yet is so rarely heard, and then always in concert.

Signor Carpi's charming tenor voice and sympathetic and tasteful singing has been heard a little too rarely this season. His rendering of Spanish ballads is delightful, and he always contrives to charm his hearers by his sincerity of feeling and brightness. He has appeared at several concerts lately, and always with success. At Mme. Cellini's concert her pupils did her credit, nobody more so, however, than Miss Dallington, who has a most agreeable soprano, and sang "Connais-tu le pays" artistically. Miss Awdry, too, has a nice voice, and sang Lord Henry Somerset's "Loved and Lost" delightfully. Lord Mar rendered "Reutech's Romance" effectively, and the octette for four pianos had the advantage of being played with spirit and in time.

The last Philharmonic Concert of the season was perhaps the most brilliant of any. The little genius, Joseph Hofmann, played Beethoven's difficult Concerto in C with a brilliance of finish and style absolutely astounding from one so young, and with an ease and freedom from effect which fairly took the audience by surprise, and the scene which followed was one of the most extraordinary perhaps ever witnessed in St. James's Hall. The little boy was apparently the only unexcited person present, the Crown Prince and the Princess of Germany, herself a distinguished musician, joining in the most unreserved fashion in the general enthusiasm. Mme. Albani sang the great air from *Der Freischütz*, but not as well as might have been expected from her. Mme. Nevada, on the other hand, made a great success with "Charmant Oiseau," from Félicien David's *Perle du Brésil*. Mr. Lloyd gave a grand interpretation of the great aria in Halévy's *La Juive*.

Notwithstanding the freaks of the electric light, the Richter Concert went off brilliantly. The fine overture which preludes the Jubilee Cantata, composed by Weber for the King of Saxony in 1818, was superbly rendered, although the musicians had to finish it in almost total darkness, the electric light evidently not feeling inclined to take a part in a Jubilee celebration. The Scotch Symphony of Mendelssohn, dedicated, by the way, to the Queen, was also performed on this occasion in masterly style. Stanford's Irish Symphony, added to the selections from Dr. Parry's works, and those of Mr. Cohen, brought the four divisions of the kingdom prominently to the fore.

Mme. Petrici (Miss Edmiston), a lady of Greek nationality, notwithstanding her English name, gave a musical and dramatic matinee on Tuesday at Steinway Hall, which was well attended. Mme. Petrici is a born actress; she has very great talent and much versatility. It is curious that she should not be permanently engaged somewhere on the London stage, for actresses of her ability are not to be found every day. On this occasion she recited an amusing monologue, entitled "A French Lady Student's Visit

to the Academy," and joined Mr. Eric Lewis in an original comedieta of considerable literary merit by Mr. Andrew Longmuir, called *Cleverly Managed*. In high comedy Mme. Petrici is decidedly effective, and when she reads in French her pronunciation is so perfect that it would be difficult to detect that she was not a member of the Théâtre Français, the school of which Theatre she has evidently studied to her advantage.

Mr. Marshall P. Wylder's recitations have attracted much attention during the entire season from their quaintness and exceeding humour. His imitations are almost all taken from life, and not unfrequently improvised on the spot; but they are none the less probable and droll. Mr. Wylder can also be very pathetic when he chooses, notably so when reading or reciting pieces depicting the sufferings of those in humble life.

MARION DE LORME.

THERE was much to arouse the playgoer in the bare announcement of an English version of Victor Hugo's *Marion de Lorme*, which was produced on Tuesday at the Princess's, despite the fact that matinee performances seldom provoke anything more stimulating than the sort of interest that lies in expectation and which long and sad experience tends to make lukewarm. On this occasion the artistic results of a bold experiment remained an inscrutable problem, as the name of no representative actor was included in the programme. There is no need to advert to the causes that have prevented, for more than half a century, the translation of *Marion de Lorme* to an English theatre. They are chiefly identical with certain prepossessions and prejudices which, after having been powerfully active with regard to work vastly inferior to the poetic drama of Victor Hugo, have also been eventually disarmed, if not overcome, by playwrights of more or less dexterity. Apart from questions of propriety and sentiment, *Marion de Lorme* abounds in other and not less considerable obstacles to reproduction on our stage. Its profuse declamation and splendid rhetoric defy translator and adaptor alike. Much of the dialogue is of too oratorical a character to be literally transferred to the English stage, and not a few speeches may be cited that are what managers and actors consider, not without justice, of inordinate length. Mr. Richard Davey, the author of the adaptation, has dealt skilfully with the technical difficulties of compression and reconstruction. If he has not altogether preserved the continuity of the action, he is successful in endowing his version with true dramatic development, so that the great situations of the play retain their vital force and value unimpaired. Considering the tact and thought expended on the adaptation, it is a pity that the representation was not altogether worthy of a play which is associated with the fame of some of the greatest of French actors. Miss Houliston, who undertook the part of the heroine, has too slight a range of emotional power to express the tumultuous conflict of passions in the tragic situations, and her voice was too uniformly low and subdued. Emotion of a less strenuous and impassioned kind was adequately expressed by the actress, notably when Marion de Lorme pleads for her lover's life with the Marquis de Nangis before the King, and in her remonstrance with Didier in the preceding act. In the latter scene the struggle between love and shame was rendered with unaffected pathos. While, however, Miss Houliston's impersonation was graceful and sympathetic rather than powerful, it is only fair to add that she was suffering from an ill-natured and anonymous communication, which, we understand, was forwarded to her prior to the third act by some one in the theatre. It is a little strange, by the way, how such matters are contrived, considering with what ease they may be avoided. Mr. Yorke Stephens, as Didier, played in artistic style. His acting in the fine situation where he recognizes Marion de Lorme among the players (Act III.) was remarkable for concentrated and well-tempered passion. The Marquis de Nangis found an excellent representative in Mr. William Rignold, who gave admirable effect to the pathetic and dignified appeal addressed to the King in the fourth act. The important part of Saverny was capably rendered by Mr. Laurence Cantley.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

THE performance of *Der Freischütz* by the students of the Royal College of Music at the Savoy on Monday was not only extremely interesting to those who desire to promote a much-neglected branch of musical training, but was productive of results that must be considered on the whole gratifying to the patrons and executive of the College. From Cherubini's *Water Carrier*, the opera given last year with encouraging success, it is a far cry to Weber's masterpiece. The choice of so exacting a work was undoubtedly bold. But if in the circumstances the high aim was not without its penalties, so also it was not without its rewards. In the first place, every effort had been made to secure the efficiency of the stage presentment by combining the best available forces subsidiary to the musical and dramatic rendering of the young executants. Mrs. Kendal's experience and taste were happily employed in the production of the opera, while Mrs. Arthur Stirling, Mr. Visetti, and Mr. B. Soutten were concerned in its preparation.

To these good offices must be added the loan of the theatre and scenery by Mr. D'Oyly Carte and of the dresses by Mr. Carl Rosa. Under the skilful conduct of Professor C. Villiers Stanford the orchestra played with great steadiness for the most part, and, equally with the vocalists, reflected the praiseworthy care and thoroughness with which they had rehearsed an arduous undertaking. The masterly instrumentation in the Incantation scene was given with a creditable command of the resources necessary to interpret its magical effects. On the stage the usual display of the supernatural element formed no part of this scene. The slow flight of night birds, the rush of spectral huntmen, and all the grim sights and sounds evoked by Caspar's unholy rites were replaced by a liberal use of coloured fires and lightning and thunder. The scene, however, lost little in effect, owing to Mr. Daniel Price's excellent singing and acting as Caspar. Mr. Price's Caspar was altogether a most promising performance. In the drinking song in Act i., as in the declamatory power revealed in the Incantation, he showed decided dramatic capacity, as well as an artistic control of a fine voice. In the part of the heroine Miss Anna Russell sang with much refinement and charm, the inexperience of the singer contributing to the delightful and thoroughly appropriate *naïveté* of her style in the trio of the second act, and in the beautiful air, "Although a cloud o'erspread the heaven," that opens the third act. In the more dramatic numbers, as in the recitative and solo "Softly sighs," Miss Russell's deficiencies in power and variety of expression were perhaps partly due to nervousness, and were, after all, only such as might be expected of any youthful essay in so trying a part. Of the Annie of Miss Annie Roberts, it is not too much to say it was as fresh and unconventional an assumption as could be desired, displaying natural gifts which no teachers of elocution and singing can create, however deftly they may train those gifts to bear artistic fruit. With a voice of agreeable quality, and a sound method of vocalization, Miss Roberts acted with unaffected sprightliness and confidence. The piquant blending of gravity and humour in her rendering of the romance "My aunt, poor soul," was extremely happy and not unworthy of a practised dramatic singer. Here, at least, was a conjunction of art and intelligence that must not be confounded with mere intuition, such as is often forthcoming when clever young people find a congenial rôle. Mr. Lionel Kilby, as Max, sang in good style, though his voice was at times unequal to the demands of a part that is a sufficient test of the most experienced singer. As Kilian, and subsequently as the Prince, Mr. Otto Fischer sang with excellent expression, while Mr. Ridding as Cuno, and Mr. Ernest Coleby in the character of the Hermit, were capable performers. With the exception of the Huntsmen's Chorus, the choral numbers were remarkably well sung, the Bridal Chorus, with Miss Hoskins as the chief bridesmaid, being given with exceptional beauty of tone and expression.

JUBILEE POSTSCRIPTS.

UNQUESTIONABLY, after the great State procession and service in Westminster Abbey on the 21st ultimo, the civic ball at Guildhall was the most magnificent of all the numerous entertainments which have been given in honour of the Queen and her Imperial and Royal guests. Never before perhaps has this historical ball, famous as it has been for centuries for the sumptuousness of its hospitality, seen such a gathering of kings and queens, princes and princesses. The Maharajah Holkar wore a garment which seemed literally interwoven with brilliants, rubies, and emeralds, and the Maharanees of Kuch Behar, one of the most accomplished women modern India has produced, pearls of inestimable value, some as large as a pigeon's egg. Uniforms of all the armies of Europe were worn by the heirs and representatives of Continental thrones and principalities. In honour of the City of London the Princess of Wales wore the diadem which the City gave her on the occasion of her marriage. Behind her were a bevy of the Queen's granddaughters, with their flaxen hair and fair complexions, reminding one not a little of the portraits of Princess Charlotte. Italy was only represented by her Ambassador, the Duke of Aosta having already left London; but both Spain and Portugal were present in the persons of the Infants and Infantas of both those ancient kingdoms. It certainly was not only a brilliant and picturesque sight, but an historical event which will be treasured up among the memories of the City of London in time to come.

On Wednesday last the Queen drove through the Royal borough, Kensington, her birthplace, and it is but fair to say that no one who saw Kensington High Street on this occasion can venture in future to deny our progress, or, at any rate, the progress of Kensingtonians, in the matter of street decoration. It is to be questioned whether any Italian, French, or German city on a festa day ever presented a more picturesque and effective spectacle. Garlands of roses and choice flowers bedecked the balconies, every window was hung with draperies, triumphal arches spanned the streets, flags fluttered in the breeze; and when the Queen passed under the arch built almost opposite the Palace, the hearty cheer which greeted her must have persuaded her that the loyalty of the royal borough was unchanged. From Kensington to Buckingham Palace, on her way to the Garden Party, Her Majesty passed through an immense multitude, and the enthusiasm was not less great than it was on the day of the Thanksgiving Service.

CIVIL WAR.

A CHARACTER in a farce that has been often played in London is an old woman with a mania for making odd purchases. She buys sentry-boxes, warming-pans by the dozen, and all sorts of apparently useless articles, explaining that, though they are not wanted at the moment, the time may come when they will be of service, and it will then be so useful to have them in the house. We are forcibly reminded of this quaint old lady by a statement in the Gaiety play-bills that the adaptation of M. Delpit's *Mlle. de Bressier* is produced "through arrangement with, and by kind permission of, Mr. Henry Irving." Why did Mr. Irving possess himself of the rights in *Mlle. de Bressier*? The question suggests an insoluble mystery, for there could never by any chance have come a time when Mr. Irving would have found it useful to have in the house so crude a bungle as this drama. We can imagine one purpose, and one only, for which M. Delpit's play might be judiciously utilized. As an example of how not to do it *Mlle. de Bressier* might be turned to valuable account. We cannot call to mind at the moment—and we have been to matinees, too—a finer specimen of what a play ought not to be than Mr. Herman Merivale's Gaiety version of a bad original. Every play that is a play—*Civil War* is not, really, but we are trying, for the moment, to make believe that it is—must tend towards a climax which the audience desire to see reached, or which, in the case of tragedy, is inevitable; and the climax must be reached by the aid of dramatically effective incidents that have a direct bearing upon it. Types of character well drawn and contrasted, and dialogue which occasions sympathy, or mirth, or entertainment, or at any rate which combats a spectator's disposition to slumber, are highly desirable features. *Civil War* possesses all the qualities it should not possess, and none that it should. We cannot suppose that the fault lies with Mr. Herman Merivale. He has apparently been asked to make a literal translation of M. Delpit's well-pronounced failure, and he has made it accordingly. It was not in the power of mortal man to turn it into a success, and the English adaptor has done very wisely in keeping scrupulously to his original, so that no one can attribute disaster to any tinkering or attempts at amendment on his part.

The plot is based upon the series of obstacles which cruel destiny places between two fond lovers, Jacques Rosny, son of a Communist printer who has been taken red-handed and shot, and Faustine de Bressier, daughter of a French officer who has fallen in the Revolution, and herself directly responsible for the surrender to justice of the elder Rosny. M. Delpit's scheme is that the lovers, ignorant of all these tragic occurrences, are to become deeply attached to each other, and that then the occurrences are to be revealed; and all this duly happens in *Civil War*. The difficulty is to know what to do with the situation when it is reached. Two courses are open. The lovers might part, perceiving that between what is certain and what is doubtful—it is suspected that Pierre Rosny was directly concerned in the murder of Faustine's brother—there is abundant reason against any union of the families; or they might go and get married, as if nothing particular had happened after all. One ending would be extremely unsatisfactory, though perhaps it might not be so unsatisfactory as the other. We will not say which would be worse, because we are not quite certain. It is manifestly absurd to build up all these apparently insurmountable obstacles, and then to treat them as if they did not exist. The argument of all the scenes which precede the last—and indeed of some of that also—is that Jacques and Faustine can never be united, and the argument of the last scene—the end of it—is that they may if they like. This is not dramatic business. We have remarked that every incident in a properly constructed drama must bear upon and lead towards the climax. In *Civil War*, however, we find the author creating as it were large obstructions, walking all the way round them, quietly coming to the point from which he started, and setting off again—nowhere in particular by a devious route.

We read in the papers that Mrs. Brown Potter has improved, and we hope that the papers are right, but are not sure. *Civil War* does not present so many opportunities for the making of mistakes as are to be found in *Man and Wife*, but the performance of Faustine struck us as very inadequate in several essentials. It is unpleasant to speak of a lady's personal shortcomings; but truth is truth and art is art, and we are constrained to say that, until she is able to conquer a very disagreeable and powerfully pronounced accent which causes her to give novel sounds to vowels, particularly to the letter "a," her representations can never be acceptable. Her emotion is feeble and unconvincing; her reception, for instance, of the news of her father's and brother's death was not in the least impressive. One speech she gave with a great deal of emphasis and significance. Her betrothed, Henri de Guessaint, has taken her to the studio of her beloved Jacques, who is modelling a bust of her. Jacques has declared his love and listened to the avowal of hers; but she tells him that she can never be his wife, because of her father's wish that she should marry this cousin. Henri returns, and she makes the speech in question. Very slowly, and with the evidence of deep feeling, she says, "The bust is now so nearly finished that you can do the rest from memory, and I shall not return" (we will not warrant the absolute accuracy of the words, but this is very near the text). The reader will probably perceive that the way indicated is precisely the way in which the speech should not have been spoken: Faustine delivers these words in a manner which could not have failed to awaken Henri's most legitimate

suspensions. An artist would have spoken quietly and naturally, with just a break in the voice, a momentary hesitation, a glance, a gesture, which would have been infinitely more eloquent than these laboured phrases. Mr. Kyrle Bellew made the best of Jacques. Several good actors are misemployed in *Civil War*, including Mr. Fernandez, Mr. Maclean, Miss Amy Roselle, and Miss Fanny Brough; indeed (except by Mr. Shine, who is intrusive and not at all amusing) the piece is as well played as it can be.

THE STATE OF THE LONDON THEATRES.

III.

THE LYCEUM, ADELPHI, TOOLE'S, PRINCESS'S, COURT, CRITERION.

THE Paris Commission which has lately been engaged upon its tour of inspection of the theatres in the French metropolis has come to the conclusion that, in order to diminish the risk of fire, there should be a substitution in theatres of the electric light for gas. Upon this point we are inclined to agree with the French Commission. It is quite true that the electric light might possibly be a source of fire by reason of the wires becoming overheated. But this danger could be easily remedied by a mechanical appliance. Less happy is the suggestion of the Commission that iron ladders should be fixed along the sides of the building in order to facilitate the escape of the artistes. In reality, these ladders are so impracticable that when an architect, with some sense of humour, pointed them out to those members of the Commission who were inspecting a theatre built after his design, and proposed that they should try to scale them, not a single man amongst them was willing to run the risk. M. Henry Fouquier, writing on this subject, remarks:—"Imagine what use such ladders would be to women in moments of panic and of frantic struggles for life. They are nothing more than a pleasing fancy, and not worth serious attention. The enlargement and multiplication of the staircases (this has been strongly insisted upon by the Paris Commission) is, on the contrary, a very sensible suggestion, and one that might well be realized practically at several of the theatres." It is quite certain that this remark applies with equal force to most of our London playhouses.

The Lyceum can scarcely be called the safest of the London theatres, but many excellent points may be mentioned with regard to it. It is true that on certain occasions, in case of fire or panic, it would be a little difficult for the occupants of the stalls to escape. In the first place, the stalls are placed nearer together than is the rule at most theatres; and the popularity of the Lyceum is such that there is seldom a vacant stall. As a rule, to get from the stalls into the street you are compelled to ascend a somewhat narrow staircase, consisting of nineteen steps. But in case of alarm there is a wide door that opens automatically on pressure (without lock or bolt at all) to the Strand entrance on the street level. In every passage of the theatre and the auditorium are oil-lamps, which quite obviate the danger of darkness should any accident happen to the gas. But this, indeed, is most unlikely; for the Lyceum Theatre draws supplies of gas from two distinct and separate street services, each of which can be cut off outside the meter at a moment's notice. Therefore, in case of one service going wrong, the second could be relied upon to supply any deficiency. Perhaps the gallery at the Lyceum is its most dangerous part. You reach it by a staircase that turns and returns upon itself at right angles, the door being in Exeter Street; and, so far as we could see on the night of our visit, that is the only staircase. The two ends of the gallery are connected by means of stairs and a passage beneath the gallery itself. The stairs and passage might, in case of alarm, easily become choked with people. At each end of the gallery there is also a short passage leading behind the line of boxes to nowhere, and forming a *cul de sac*. The locks and bolts on the doors of the Lyceum are excellent, and indeed unique. The lock is fastened with a spring, which gives way on pressure from within; so that, if perchance any misfortune should happen to the lock, although very possibly it may not shut, anyhow it will always open. The bolts in the same way give way on pressure from within, although remaining firm and solid from without. This patent, which Mr. Irving has been wise enough to adopt, was invented to meet a terrible danger such as was manifested at the Sunderland disaster.

The Adelphi is unquestionably one of the safest theatres in London. There are at least two good exits from each part of the house. The pit has a straight level entrance to the Strand and an entrance up a few stairs that lead at once into Bull Inn Yard. The door of this last can be pushed open during a performance, as can all the extra doors into the yard. The theatre habitually empties itself in less than three minutes. There are staircases downwards on each side of each floor, and there is no risk of missing one's way and getting into a *cul de sac*, as there is at the Lyceum. There are, however, no oil lamps in the passages, an omission which the Messrs. Gatti would do well to supply. In the safest theatre there is no absolute remedy against panic. The Place de la Concorde, as M. Fouquier points out, is not a locality that is destitute of *dégagements*. Yet one hundred and thirty-three Parisians were there crushed to death on the eve of the marriage festivities of Louis XVI., owing to a false alarm caused by the explosion of some fireworks, which explosion could not possibly

have injured anybody. Says M. Fouquier:—"Le premier remède c'est le sang-froid et, en présence de l'affolement d'une foule, la prudence humaine reste désarmée."

Toole's Theatre has one good straight level exit from the pit into King William Street. Parallel to, but separated from, this exit is a similar one from the stalls, dress circle, and boxes. And on the other side is another parallel passage from the foot of the gallery staircase. All the regular exits from the front are by these three parallel passages; but on each floor of the house there are doors to a staircase that affords entrance to a passage leading upstairs again to the stage-door in Chandos Street. On that side, and at the bottom of the upward staircase, the danger probably lies. The gallery is certainly small, and does not, we should imagine, hold more than a hundred persons; but it would be difficult to empty the dress circle in a hurry. We observe that, since the beginning of these articles, the Board of Works has served the owner with a notice to make alterations in the building; and this is certainly not before such alterations were needed, although it is only fair to say that there are many more dangerous theatres in London. But Mr. Toole should place oil lamps in the passages.

The Princess's Theatre occupies almost as much ground as Drury Lane and Covent Garden; but nearly half that ground is given up to a huge and useless vestibule, in which another small theatre might almost have been built. Even above this vestibule there is nothing more useful than a smoking-room and a refreshment-bar. If it were not for this, the Princess's might almost claim to have exceptional advantages over the other theatres of London; for it has streets on three sides of it, and the fourth side is next to a spacious court. In spite of the faults of the architect, Mr. Wilson Barrett made the Princess's almost fireproof. A special band of firemen were employed, all the company and attendants were formed into a private fire brigade, and regularly every week there was a practical fire-drill, which all had to take part in. Besides this, the theatre was hung with oil lamps, and hoses, helmets, and hatchets were always in working order, and a sentry in uniform was stationed at every door. All this is apparently now changed; but the Princess's is not so perfect in construction that the management can afford to neglect precautions such as these. The exit on the Prompt side of the stalls would be satisfactory enough, if it were not enveloped in heavy curtains, which would certainly be not only awkward, but absolutely dangerous, in a panic. The exit on the O.P. side is not only provided with these terrible curtains, but is far too small, and the tunnel under the stalls is little better than a narrow sewer, and it would be only more difficult to get out of than to get into. This tunnel should be done away with altogether, and, if nothing better could be provided, another exit through the pit should be made. The extra door of the pit is also far from being sufficiently large. The dress circle is fairly provided for, but the extra doors of the upper circle and gallery were locked on the night of our visit. That they should be open is all the more necessary, considering that their ordinary doors lead respectively on to the dress circle and gallery stairs. The barrier on the amphitheatre stairs also had not been removed at the beginning of the third act of *Held by the Enemy*, and for all we know may not have been taken down yet. The exit from the amphitheatre seats is most defective, as before the level is reached there are as many as twelve wooden steps to be climbed, and there is a very dangerous iron bar to even further impede flight.

The Court Theatre, in Sloane Square, is really in a very bad state, and playgoers may congratulate themselves on the fact that it is going to be pulled down. In the first place, all the exits lead to one street, and even the stage-door is in the front, for there is practically no back as at other theatres. To do the management justice, however, as far as leaving all the available doors open goes, they have done their best. Whether they could do the same in cold weather is, however, extremely doubtful. To enter the stalls you have to climb first thirteen steps and then two steps before you reach the dress circle. Then there are first five steps and then nineteen more to descend, and then two to ascend before you reach the stalls on the Prompt side. There is really no special exit on the O.P. side; for, although it is possible to quit the stalls on that side, the staircase has to serve for the dress circle and amphitheatre as well. We have already described the ascent to the dress circle, which is similar on both sides, and the same staircases have to serve for the amphitheatre and stalls. It is as well to point out, however, that the doors of the dress circle are on the sliding principle, which is most dangerous, as, in case of a crush, the pressure would lock them more effectively than any iron bolts. It is somewhat curious, too, that the amphitheatre, which holds at most some seventy persons, should have two exits, whereas the gallery and pit, which would each hold seven times that number, have but one apiece. Altogether, the sooner the Court is pulled down the better for everybody.

If there were only oil lamps on the walls and no curtains on the doors, the Criterion ought to be absolutely as safe when in a blaze as when in its ordinary condition. It is as full of doors as an old rabbit-burrow is full of holes, and the staircases are not steep and are as broad as the spacious corridors. Not alone is there electric light all over the house, but there are four exits from the stalls—two into Piccadilly and two into Jermyn Street. There are three exits to the dress circle, one in Piccadilly and two in Jermyn Street. It is true that these exits in Jermyn Street have also to serve for the pit, gallery, and family circle, but as there are only two rows of seats in the gallery, about four rows in the pit, and

only one row in the family circle; and bearing in mind that when once the doors are passed the audience is not only practically out of the theatre, but in fire-proof walls, it cannot be said that these means of escape, considering their ample size, are not more than sufficient for this small house. The fact, too, that the theatre being underground, all the steps have to be climbed instead of descended, makes safety doubly secure. But, when all this is said, the fact remains that there are curtains on the doors to become enveloped in, and no oil lamps to give light if an accident happened to the electric light. Without oil lamps there is no safety, and it is quite on the cards that, despite the number of the doors and the largeness of the stairs, the fireproof corridors and the comparative smallness of the audience, if a fire were to occur at the Criterion and anything were to go wrong with the electric light (as is more than probable), the audience would be no better off than in any of the worst of the London fire-traps. Mr. Wyndham and Messrs. Spiers & Pond should see to this at once.

OLIVIA.

THE artistic defects of Mr. Wills's *Olivia*, which was revived last Wednesday night at the Lyceum, are sufficiently obvious. Considered merely in the character which its author claims for it—considered, that is to say, as the dramatic presentment, not of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, but merely of an “episode” in that story—it is open in many points to adverse criticism. In setting forth even “an episode” only in the lives of certain familiar personages of a classic fiction, it is proper that the truth of their characters as their creator conceived them should be adhered to. There is no reason why the Vicar should not be Goldsmith's Vicar, or why his wife and daughters should not also preserve their identity, even though it be merely with an incident in their lives that the dramatist is dealing. Now it is hardly necessary to say that the *Olivia* of the play is not quite the *Olivia* of the novel, and that the Dr. Primrose of the theatre departs in a still more marked manner from the delicately drawn original. He is a much less humorous, and to that extent a less sympathetic, creation; and for the very reason that the mirth-moving but endearing foibles of the real Vicar's character are thrown into the background—indeed, but for just a faint and feeble touch here and there, we might say effaced altogether—the central weakness, so to call it, of his nature seems brought before us in rather painful prominence. It is a curious result of tampering with a perfect piece of portraiture; but so it is. Mr. Wills's Vicar has none of the innocent vanity and the inoffensive pedantry of Goldsmith's, and is altogether a more serious and uniformly reverend personage; yet it is impossible not to feel that in regard to his conduct and action in the vital passages of the “episode” he comes much the nearer of the two to losing his hold upon our respect. Of the dramatic *Olivia* it is possible to speak in less qualified terms. The daughter's character is a much less complex one than that of her father, and if Mr. Wills has not exactly reproduced his model, he has come quite sufficiently near to it for all dramatic purposes. For the particular dramatic purpose of fitting Miss Ellen Terry with a part which exactly suits her, and which brings out all the strongest side of her art, he could not have succeeded better.

Miss Terry's *Olivia* is so very old a favourite with the public that in the nature of things there can be little that is new to be said about her performance. The early scenes of distrust and hesitation in which she half repels the addresses of Thornhill, and then yields to the love with which he has inspired her, were rendered with much subtlety and finesse, and the true position in which the dramatist desires to place his heroine in the minds of his audience was thereby secured for her. It is essential to the development of the play, and, indeed, we may add, to the retention of sympathy for a girl who selects the very inappropriate moment of her father's ruin for running away with her lover, that *Olivia* should not appear as too foolishly credulous a country maiden, but should succumb only to an elaborate scheme of deception on the part of Thornhill. The minds of the audience are thus brought into proper tune for the leave-taking scene of the second act, which remains, of course, the great scene of the play, and one of the finest—perhaps, taking it altogether, the absolutely finest—efforts in the whole range of the actress's performance. For simplicity and tenderness, pure and deep as are those qualities in the sweet English landscape which frames the drama, it would be impossible to surpass the exquisite pathos of *Olivia*'s secret farewell to the family and home that she is about to quit. Its appeal to the emotions is irresistible. The situation is one which comes home to everybody who is capable of being moved through the imagination at all; and it is treated with such true artistic delicacy, the repression and reserve of power are so plainly felt, even where the anguish of that loving, lingering, doubting, and remorseful soul is at its highest point of intensity, that the importunate spirit of criticism which so often plucks sympathy by the skirts in her most yielding moments is silenced from first to last. The whole setting and stage management of this scene is, moreover, perfect; and the simple musical performance round the Vicarage spinet during the fateful moments of *Olivia*'s yet undiscovered flight is introduced with the happiest possible effect. In the third act, in which Squire Thornhill reveals his villainy, Miss Terry's acting was fine and powerful as ever, and the sudden impulse of passion

in which she strikes her unworthy lover succeeds, as it always did, and as only the highest and most “natural” of art could possibly succeed, in convincing the audience not only of its complete verisimilitude, but of its perfect propriety. You feel, for the moment—and it is not necessary for your feeling to last longer than hers—as if it were precisely the right thing for a lady to do under the trying circumstances of the case. The scene of *Olivia*'s restoration to the arms of her father exerted all its old power over the audience; and as much as possible was done both by father and daughter to render the weak and hurried *dénouement* of Mr. Wills's drama credible to the audience.

Mr. Irving's Vicar of Wakefield necessarily suffers somewhat in interest from the causes to which we have referred above; and we are constantly tempted to regret that the actor has not the opportunity of bringing the humorous side of the worthy parson's character into stronger relief. But, reconciling ourselves to the treatment of Dr. Primrose's character as merely a study of simplicity and benignity carried to an almost superhuman point, there can be no question of the remarkable charm and power of Mr. Irving's performance in this part. If, for the reasons above given, the impression of “the foolish, fond old man,” too prominently insisted on by the author, is too apt to predominate in the actor's rendering of the character, it is solely in his “idolatrous” relations to *Olivia* that the Vicar's weakness makes itself anywhere felt. There is ample dignity and plenty of quiet strength in his attitude towards the rest of the world. His wife, to whom he is so yielding, is fully conscious that she is not in any autocratic sense of the word his better half; and to those about him the Vicar, with all his mildness, never appears otherwise than as an old gentleman with whom the most irreverent of youngsters would hesitate to take a liberty. The stronger side of his nature is indeed admirably brought out in the cheerful magnanimity and quiet pluck with which he learns and, until the silver wedding-day is over, conceals the calamity which has overtaken his fortunes; and, for a particularly fine specimen of the quieter order of pathetic acting, we need look no further than the scene in which he breaks the sad news to his family. But no doubt Mr. Irving's supreme “moment” in the play is to be found in that passage of the third act in which he endeavours, as a matter of clerical and paternal duty, to chide his erring and recovered daughter, only to break down in the attempt, and clasp her once more to his bosom. This dramatic passage, for which the way is prepared with an all too obvious artifice by Mr. Wills, would of itself, and in any case, be one of an artistically hazardous description. As a matter of fact, indeed, one is fully conscious of an approach in it to the confines of the extravagant, if not of the grotesque, and there is probably not one actor in a hundred who would not either overstep the fatal limits, if he “let himself go,” or reduce the whole passage to sheer conventional unreality through very fear of overstepping it. Mr. Irving skirts the perilous region with consummate address, and the effect produced is proportioned to the risk incurred.

The play was admirably mounted, and the two chief performers were supported very capably indeed. Mr. Alexander, who had already shown in his performance of *Ulric* that he can play a bad young man as well as he can a good one, was a thoroughly efficient Squire Thornhill; and Mr. Wenman, as Barchell, threw all the requisite vigour and heartiness into the part of the disguised uncle. We could not help feeling, however, as we watched the development of this part of the intrigue, how fortunate it was for Sheridan that he did not live in the days of the literary thief-taker. For what could be more clear than that his Sir Oliver Surface was borrowed from Goldsmith's Sir William Thornhill? Nothing, except, perhaps, that his Joseph and Charles Surface were stolen from Fielding's Blifil and Tom Jones.

THE DEFIANCE OF COCK O'DONNELL DHU.

THE challenge of O'Donnell, Francis Hugh:—
I dare you to the jury you invoke;
I call you before twelve good men and true;
I summon you to drop the slanderer's cloak,
And face the injured wight whose wrath you woke
When, on his mildly hinting that perchance
You were mistaken, you with savage stroke
Turned on him, and the charges dared advance
Of “quibbling”—heaven and earth!—and of “irrelevance.”

What! when I wrote in inoffensive strain,
Shall you with horrid truculence reply,
And I, forsooth, from such retort refrain
As conscious innocence may calmly try?
No! by the piper whose wild minstrelsy
Rejoiced the emancipator of the Jews,
I will hurl back the execrable lie
In the cool, scornful terms the virtuous use
Against the wretch who dares calumniously accuse.

Your lie was gross, and palpable of guilt,
A solid circumstantial wickedness;
And, mark me, you shall prove it to the hilt
Before a London jury. Yes, sir; yes!
Before a London jury—nothing less.

You dared to call me "colleague" (Blood and flames!)
 "Of murderers," in your accursed press,
 And you shall pay for your atrocious games
 When my twelve London jurors answer to their names.

You dared connect me with the men who hide
 Assassins' weapons; ay! you dared to write,
 Thus libelling me, that some one else supplied
 The timely funds to aid a murderer's flight.
 And you shall prove your slander in fair fight
 Before a London jury. Shall I add—
 I think I will, lest you mistake me quite—
 Before a London special jury, cad!

And on the earliest day a trial can be had?

I do not swagger and I never bounce;
 Vapouring and bombast are in every sense
 Distasteful to me; but, by heaven! I'll trounce
 You soundly for this infamous offence,
 Unless—ay! this one place of penitence
 I will allow, and you, if you be wise,
 Will take it ere my action I commence,
 And see what aspect your vile calumnies
 May bear before a London special jury's eyes.

Retract at once—this is condition One—
 Your libels and apologize to me,
 And to my colleagues one and all. This done,
 I posit as conditions Two and Three,
 That of the public on your bended knee
 You crave forgiveness, and thereon proceed
 To give ten thousand pounds in charity
 For the relief of Londoners in need,
 Chosen without distinction of religious creed.

One word of postscript. Though these plots were hid
 From me entirely, yet on May the Third
 I was prepared to warn you, and I did,
 That danger threatened; yes, I sent you word.
 But you were even as one who had not heard,
 Nor used my letter till the Sixth of May,
 As I will prove (the idea has just occurred
 Startling to you; nay, crushing, I should say),
 Before a London jury on an early day.

I now demand that jury; let it come.
 I claim it in the name of all my friends,
 Of whom I pose as champion. If to some
 The name of friend, it may be, scarce extends,
 The more nobility to me it lends
 That I seek vengeance in their cause on you
 Before twelve London jurymen. Here ends
 The challenge of O'Donnell, Francis Hugh,
 The proud defiant scree of Cock O'Donnell Dhu.

REVIEWS.

A FRENCH VIEW OF ENGLISH CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY.*

THE modern French school of scientific historical study is hardly so well known in this country as it ought to be. Perhaps the wider diffusion of a superficial knowledge of French than of a superficial knowledge of German is partly responsible for this. The mass of the English reading public is still content not to read any German, and takes it on trust that Germany is the favoured home of learning and research. But it thinks it can read French, and, having made acquaintance with a few specimens of boulevard literature, an occasional number of the *Figaro*, and perhaps a few standard novels, it comes, on the strength of this first-hand experience, to the firm conclusion that French authors are prejudiced, frivolous, and, above all, hopelessly ignorant of foreign affairs. And this impression might well have been reinforced, until quite lately, by the tone of French official utterances and ordinances in matters of science and philosophy; they did not represent the living mind of France, but foreigners could hardly be expected to know this. In like manner it takes time to discover that, since the days of the Second Empire, there has been a notable increase and improvement of serious work among French scholars, and especially in the moral and political sciences. Philosophy has emancipated itself from the sounding brass of Victor Cousin, and M. Ribot, a distinguished champion of the modern school of psychological observation, is actually installed at the Sorbonne. In the field of politics and jurisprudence comparative and historical criticism is vigorous, and has already borne good fruit. The *Ecole libre des sciences politiques*, an institution of purely private enterprise, thrives under the direction of M. Boutmy, the author of the book now before us; and its work should be of special interest to Englishmen for several reasons. The mere fact of advanced teaching of this kind being carried on in Paris without

State aid is much. It is more that M. Boutmy and his colleagues—among whom are such historical and comparative students of laws and institutions as M. Fustel de Coulanges, M. Glanville, and M. Lyon-Caen—have given particular attention to English matters and attach particular importance to keeping touch with English scholarship. The development of the English constitutional system—a system which, as it existed in the early part of the present century, has been imitated, more or less faithfully and successfully, all over the civilized world—is a subject of notorious difficulty even in its own land. It is not so long since grave errors were currently taught to English learners; in some places they probably still are. M. Boutmy, however, has not only escaped the danger of trusting obsolete authorities, but has made himself so thoroughly master of the latest and best that his exposition has an independent value.

We do not mean to say that M. Boutmy's rapid and general view of political and economical changes in England from the Norman Conquest to 1832 is wholly free from mistakes. It would be strange if even a learned Englishman's work on the same topic were flawless. It is also natural that M. Boutmy's occasional slips should not be the same that an Englishman would make. He writes, "justices of peace," instead of "the peace"; and in commenting on the absence of guarantees for legal competence at Petty Sessions, he seems to be unaware of the existence of that practically important person the justices' clerk, who, as a rule, is not disposed to encourage adventurous extensions of jurisdiction. He also does not allow for the fact that as late as Blackstone's time a country gentleman was expected to know some law, and that at the present day a fair proportion of the *quorum* would be found equipped with a certain amount of legal training. A graver matter is that M. Boutmy speaks of the "base dérisoire" of our existing nominal Land-tax without giving any hint that a much more real and effectual Land-tax is levied under Schedule A of the Income-tax. But this is an easy thing to overlook; many English writers, and some of them, we believe, innocently, have made the same oversight in the last few years. To speak of "covenants" in one place instead of "settlements" is, in a work of this kind, a venial inaccuracy; to speak of the scheme of modern family settlements, otherwise described with substantial correctness, as "*conçu à la fin du dix-huitième siècle*," is a mere *lapsus calami*, not likely to trouble even a French reader wholly dependent on M. Boutmy's information, if he carefully attends to the context; and as for the odd misspelling of Goldsmith's name as Goldschmidt, in a reference to the *Deserted Village*, it may safely be set down to the blunder of a compositor or perversity of a printer's reader. Those who are in any degree acquainted with the intricacy of the subject will understand that the absence of more serious grounds of complaint is evidence of unusual merit.

But we must not be content with negative evidence. Perhaps the most characteristic point in M. Boutmy's work is his insistence on the profound difference between English and French society, which between the thirteenth and the sixteenth century was ever widening under comparatively trifling differences of external form. He refers the origin of English constitutionalism not so much to any inherent vigour of Teutonic popular custom as to the early consolidation of the king's power, which broke down local tyranny, and at the same time excited, by healthy reaction, a truly national desire of liberty. He calls marked attention to the importance of the judicial system in this process, which is still hardly appreciated even here. The justice of the King's Court, carried into every county by judges bearing the King's direct commission and superseding all other authority, taught men to find in the common law of the land a sure barrier against all manner of unjust exaction at the hands of powerful subjects, and ultimately at the hands of the King himself. M. Boutmy does not favour Mr. Freeman's theory of the absolute continuity of popular institutions. The equation of the House of Lords in the reign of Victoria to the Witenagemot in the reign of Alfred is treated by him with less ostensible respect than by the Bishop of Chester, who however must be reckoned on M. Boutmy's side, and against Mr. Freeman, on this point. (We write Witenagemot with its proper accents not out of pedantry, but because we have heard people who ought to have known better pronounce it Witty-naggimut.) But on the main fact of the relatively advanced development of English polity in the middle ages he is clear and emphatic. Nor is he afraid of expressing that fact in forms which, in some at least of his readers, must give a shock to cherished legends. "Dès le seizième siècle," says M. Boutmy, "l'Angleterre était en possession de toutes les réformes essentielles que nous attendions encore en 1789, qu'il nous a fallu payer très-cher et que nous avons même manquées en partie, pour avoir dépassé le but dans l'élan qui succédait à une souffrance trop longtemps endurée." The little mistake of "covenant" for "settlement" above noted occurs in a passage which is in substance admirable. M. Boutmy makes it plain, even to a careless reader, that feudalism never really prevailed in England, and that the existing—or, with Lord Halsbury's Bill before us, shall we say moribund?—system of so-called entails is not feudal at all. "L'Angleterre a été, avant tous les autres pays, un pays de propriété libre, de moyenne et de petite tenure. . . . Toute cette évolution des deux derniers siècles, qu'on ne s'y trompe pas, n'a rien à voir avec le système féodal antérieur; elle est l'effet d'une grande entreprise aristocratique, laquelle a fini par provoquer une réaction démocratique, toutes deux entièrement modernes dans leurs causes et nouvelles dans leur esprit." It must not be supposed that M. Boutmy writes as an indiscriminating admirer of England

* *Le développement de la constitution et de la société politique en Angleterre.* Par E. Boutmy. Paris: Librairie Plon et Librairie Marecq aîné. 1887.

and English institutions. He writes as a friend, but an impartial friend who can criticize on occasion, and to some extent from a position of advantage that more than compensates for any want of minutely familiar knowledge.

The feature that will be newest to English readers is the importance given to a period often treated as commonplace—the eighteenth century. M. Boutmy finds in it the accomplishment of the social revolution commenced under the Restoration by the abolition of military tenures and the establishment of family settlements. A new territorial oligarchy took the place of the old nobility, and remodelled English government after its own fashion. Some parts of M. Boutmy's picture may be overcharged; but it is good for us to see how very insular the insularity of the English squire, the English parson presented by a private lay patron, and the amateur administrative and judicial functions of quarter and petty sessions appear to an enlightened Continental observer; and the ordinary French reader would hardly believe in the facts if they were less vividly presented to him. And, far from having no good word for squirearchy, M. Boutmy is of opinion that nothing else could have fixed the modern type of Parliamentary government:—"La démocratie a pu s'approprier le régime parlementaire et l'imiter avec effort, après que des exemplaires parfaits en ont été façonnés et fixés par d'autres mains. Une aristocratie pouvait seul le créer, en former les mœurs, en commencer les traditions." But he is also of opinion that the predominance of the landed interest in England has had its day, and depended on artificial conditions while it lasted. This may be a disputable historical conclusion, but to charge M. Boutmy with partisanship (the charge has already been made) is unjust and unfair.

The names which oftenest appear at the foot of M. Boutmy's pages are, as is natural and proper, those of Hallam, Gneist, and Stubbs. Parade of original authorities would be out of place in a book of this scale, and, as M. Boutmy himself justly says in his preface, the verification of authorities is not enough to put a writer on the level of the explorers whom he follows. The tact of fully informed scholarship, "le contact et la sensation d'une infinité de textes originaux," is not to be had ready made. Before he can criticize his texts with the weight of a Kemble or a Stubbs, a man must work for himself as Kemble and Stubbs have worked. Still M. Boutmy is no mere compiler. He has by no means neglected original and contemporary documents. He cites the Dialogue of the Exchequer, and various works on agricultural economy from the sixteenth century downwards, besides the usual modern statistics. We think he errs in regarding Mr. Arthur Arnold as either a safe authority for facts, or a fair representative of Liberalism in the matter of land-law reform. But how many English economists or historians would be more sure-footed in modern French politics? In fine, M. Boutmy has conferred a notable boon on his countrymen, and a few years more of such work should go far to take away from France the current reproach of ignorance of foreign institutions.

TWO PICTURES OF DISSENT.*

THE new production of that very clever person who chooses to hide himself under the rather complicated *nom de guerre* of "Mark Rutherford. Edited by his friend, Reuben Shapcott," is in one sense disappointing, inasmuch as it shows that the author has not the art of composing a book of any length. It consists of two parts, separated from each other by twenty years in point of time, and absolutely unconnected in point of subject by any other ties than the appearance of one or two of the same persons and the repetition in another generation of the author's favourite situation of miscomprehension, not sensational or melodramatic, but quietly tragical, between husband and wife. Otherwise "The Revolution in Tanner's Lane," a study of Dissenting society in a small country town about the time of the Anti-Corn-Law struggle, is barely even supplementary to the earlier and larger and better part of the book, which tells of the sufferings, domestic and political, of a Radical journeyman printer from the days immediately after Waterloo to the famous "march of the Blanketeers." This earlier part is executed, not merely with the remarkable excellence of style, but with the grasp of character—one-sided, indeed, and a little monotonous in its pessimism—which struck all competent observers in the original *Mark Rutherford*. The five chief characters—Zachariah Coleman, the printer; his wife; his Radical dandy friend, the Major; the Frenchman, Caillaud, and his daughter, Pauline—are all drawn with that peculiar touch which recalls nothing so much as the manner of an accomplished etcher. They have, if any one likes, the faults which are often found in connexion with that touch, a little too much blackness here, and a little too much finicalness of outline and detail there, but the contrast with the slovenly drawing and dull or gaudy colour of the average novelist is an exceedingly remarkable one. The external interest of plot which the author has here given serves also to relieve the rather too analytic study and the unbroken melancholy which spoils the second part of *Mark Rutherford*, and did not improve the first. No writer has ever

drawn "incompatibility"—the incompatibility which is all the more hopeless because it would be impossible to define its exact cause—so well. It would not be true to say that no writer has so well drawn the jealousy which constantly survives that incompatibility, because the touches, masterly though few, which Thackeray has thrown into the latter part of the *Newcomes*, showing Rosie's feelings towards Ethel, are there for any one to follow if he likes, and to approach if he can, but certainly for no one to surpass. To balance these merits there must be set, first, the extremely inartistic patching on of the "Tanner's Lane" part; secondly, some stale and not very happy outbursts of Radical politics (all the matter of the beginning about George IV. is simply a pastiche of Thackeray and Carlyle not particularly well done); and, lastly, the old fault, already more than once glanced at, of exaggerated pessimism. There are many things to be said against this last, but the most effective is perhaps that it defeats its own purpose. A tragical or unsatisfactory ending, which casts its shadow over the whole course of a book, discounts its effect disastrously.

The other book before us is of very minor interest as a work of literature, or, rather, as a work of literature it has no special interest at all. It is not entirely new, and it is open to some criticism on the score of good taste. The author appears to be an ex-Independent minister who, tired of fighting with deacons at Ephesus, and finding more true liberty in the State Church than elsewhere, has at last left his sect, joined the Church, and taken Anglican orders. He is to be congratulated for his own sake; but we are not quite sure that the congratulation can be extended to the Church of England. We can hardly think it justifiable, at least as a matter of taste, to give under transparent aliases such a record of ministerial and personal experiences as is given here. And we are of that old-fashioned school which would like the Church of England to maintain its repute for possessing a priesthood accomplished in the minor as well as in the major morals. At the same time, while questioning whether the "Rev. Mr. Wilkinson," as he calls himself, would not have done better to recount his sufferings more dramatically and less directly, it is impossible not to recognize the force of his picture as driving in the same moral as the latter part of *The Revolution in Tanner's Lane*. The almost intolerable tyranny of the "office-bearers" in a Dissenting "Church," the endless machinations and *brigues* for getting deacons in and ministers out, the constant espionage exercised over "church-members," and the general atmosphere of tale-bearing, bad blood, and want of charity which is discovered are very edifying things. We should like to present a copy of the book to Mr. Albert Grey, to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and to the other good people who want to democratize the Anglican parish system. It might not convince them, but it ought to be to them "for thoughts."

THE ART OF GOLF.*

"WRITE seriously on serious subjects," says the Countess in *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*. Sir Walter Simpson writes with some want of seriousness, occasionally, on a subject which is very serious indeed—the art of golf. He appears to have devoted, if not his whole mind, a considerable fraction of it, not only to the practice of golf, but to the theory and metaphysics of this pursuit. The burden of his book, on the whole, is "shun self-consciousness." The more the golfer golfs, as the just man acts virtuously, by a righteous habit, and automatically, the better for himself and his partner. But golfers, or at least amateur golfers, being reasonable, must reflect on their methods and style. The more they reflect, it seems to us, the more they cramp and hamper themselves. The professional player, on the other hand, seems not to think at all about his "swing," and the position of his feet, and all the rest of it. He only aims accurately, and hits hard, leaving the rest to the laws which govern the movements of spherical bodies. This is where the professional has an advantage; he does not introduce the disturbing influences of active thought. Every cricketer who bowls knows that, if once he begins to worry himself about his action and delivery he also begins to deliver long hops to the off, and full pitches to leg. The contemplative golfer who reflects is also lost in a variety of ways. He lands in the sand and the sea, he is bunkered, he heels one stroke and toes another. His balls achieve the ambition of the dissatisfied lady in the poem, and alight "in meadows never won or wandered in" before. All this comes of taking thought, which prevents the delicate process of hitting the ball with the middle of the club-face from being performed with mechanical accuracy. Considering all this, it might seem as if Sir Walter Simpson's book were a baffled stroke, and wasted in the air. Would it not have been enough to say "Play," in the brief style of the Umpire, and add a remark on the folly of indulging the pale cast of thought? Sir Walter Simpson probably argues that man *will* think, whether or not; that the permanent conscious self will insist on being conscious on the links, and that reason will be present in the physical action of the amateur, however much he may be warned against it. Accepting human nature as being (at any rate since the Fall) conscious and curious, our author does his best to direct the reasoning faculty wisely, and to answer those questions which the player puts to himself, to the Universe, and to his caddie.

* *The Revolution in Tanner's Lane*. By Mark Rutherford. Edited by his friend, Reuben Shapcott. London: Trübner & Co.

Autobiography of an Independent Minister. London: Williams & Norgate.

* *The Art of Golf*. By Sir W. G. Simpson, Bart. Edinburgh: Douglas. 1887.

"How is Thomson playing?" somebody once demanded of a caddie. "Oh, he's just tapping and damning as usual," was the reply. But what Thomson, in his lucid intervals, would inquire is, "Why am I topping," and to this and similar anxious queries Sir Walter Simpson provides answers.

Sir Walter Simpson's is a practical volume. He does not investigate the History of Golf. An archaeologist has discovered golf clubs, placed crosswise, on a very old ecclesiastical seal of an Archbishop of St. Andrews. An opponent of black prelate and papacy has replied that the supposed clubs are not clubs, "but something far waur than that," in short, a papish symbol. These hypotheses are not alluded to by our author. He begins with a panegyric of his favourite game. "The strong and the weak, the halt and the maimed, the octogenarian and the boy, the rich and the poor, the clergyman and the infidel, may play every day, except Sunday." On Sunday these classes of the community, with umbrellas in their hands, merely walk across the links and contemplate the putting greens. Sir Walter truly remarks that golf is better than fishing. It does not depend "on the hunger of a scaly but fastidious animal"—only too accurate a description of the trout. Yet "golf has some drawbacks. It is possible, by too much of it, to destroy the mind; a man with a Roman nose and a high forehead may play away his profile." But to "destroy the mind" (as far as golfing is concerned) should really be the aim of the player. It is "that confounded intellect" which tempts to strange attitudes and novel experiments in lofting. Sir Walter sketches, as an example of the possibilities of golf, a novel turning entirely on this fascinating theme. "The scene was St. Andrews. He was a soldier, a statesman, an orator; but only a seventh-class golfer. She, being St. Andrews born, naturally preferred a rising player." The intrigue is as complicated as any of Captain Hawley Smart's tales of the Turf. But it ends badly, and the heroine "made an unhappy marriage with a left-handed player." Why is this romance not given to the world? It might be called "Stimpy," or, if the villain were a bigamist, "The Two More." Doubtless there is a sordid commercial objection. The circulation of the narrative would be limited to St. Andrews, which is not a very populous city, nor much addicted to the purchase of books.

About the origin of golf Sir Walter advances, not a theory, but a myth. As for the history, he inclines to believe that Charles I. gave up his game on Leith Links when he heard of the Irish Rebellion because he was losing the match, and "he hurried away to save his half-crown rather than his crown." He certainly did not behave so well as Drake at the historical game of bowls. "The rest of the history of the game is it not written in Mr. Clark's book?" a question which we cannot answer in the affirmative. The History of Golf still awaits its Niebuhr. Turning to the local conditions of golf—the links—Sir Walter Simpson says that "they are too barren for cultivation, but sheep, rabbits, geese, and professionals pick up a precarious livelihood on them. As for the bunkers, "those which are visited often usually have names, being called some man's nose, or grave, or merely his bunker." But who was the Principal, whose nose is a feature of importance at St. Andrews, and when did he live? If he always landed in his nose, he cannot have been such a very bad driver from the tee. The grave of Walkinshaw, better known than that of Arthur, ought always to be carried or avoided, even by a humble performer, for, if he tops, he will stop short of this hazard. From the fact that no bunker is called the Archbishop's Nose, or the Dean's Grave, can we argue that golf was not played by the higher clergy before the Reformation? On the momentous topic of clubs our author permits himself some plays upon words, which we pass by in silence and sorrow. The man who would make a pun on the links would stamp his opponent's ball down in a bunker. Anthropologists will be pleased to hear that "Old gentlemen use bafly spoons." This would be a good sentence to set in an examination for a fellowship at St. Andrews:—"Old gentlemen use bafly spoons"; turn this into Latin, in the style of Cicero's *De Senectute*. Among signs of eld, the first use of a bafly spoon must be among the least agreeable. The remarks on ancestral heavy irons are excellent; they descend from sire to son in families. We remember one heavy iron about the size and shape of a coal-scuttle; alas! it will never again help its owner out of a bunker. The remarks on caddies touch a difficult, a delicate subject. To Sir Walter Simpson's advice we have only to add this—do not carry æsthetic taste into the game; do not choose a caddie for his childlike beauty and apparent innocence. It may be argued that there are no opportunities at St. Andrews for making this kind of error; but history shows that the physiognomist is never more egregiously mistaken than when he selects a caddie for resembling the accepted portraits of the infant Samuel.

When he gets to driving, and teaches us where and how to place our feet, Sir Walter Simpson becomes earnest, but not very edifying. You find out how to stand by trying, surely, and the position which suits one man does not suit another. There is more instruction in instantaneous photographs of Tom Morris driving. It is scarcely necessary to warn the beginner that he must not run in at the ball and hit as if it were a half volley, nor stand to it and treat it as if it were to be hit square to leg. Short of this, as Sir Walter Simpson proves by the example of small boys golfing, almost any style will do if the aim be correct. As for grip and swing, his observations are valuable, but not to be condensed, nor even to be understood by people who do not play. Beginners who begin after twenty cannot expect to acquire a

fluent and melodious swing all at once; they had better start without ambition, and develop their powers gradually. Beginners make plenty of good shots, probably because, as our author says, they have not yet begun to form theories and interrogate their consciousness and their caddies. "A beginner must learn that golf is the very opposite of cricket, that he must get his hands as much down at it as up at the other. He must use his club like a scythe; must sweep, not strike, the ball." These words should be written in letters of gold in the heart of every beginner. Let him also compare the grips illustrated in figures 6, 7, 8, 9, and he will be the happier. Driving at daisies, as so many of us are apt unthinkingly to do, "teaches a crippled swing." If there is a better chapter in the book than the rest we take it to be the chapter on "approaching." Nothing in golf is so lovely and truly Hellenic in its aspect as a good approach. Nothing is uglier than the topping progress of the bungler, who approaches by as frequent thumps as if he were driving a hoop. When a player is anxious to "approach" by running the ball with the iron along the ground or very little above it, he sometimes turns in the club face. By so doing "he gets the sentiment of his intention, but that is all." It is a good deal, too, as every reflective moralist ought to know. As for putting, it is a topic on which we would not linger—women can and do putt. People who think Keats a girlish poet will despise putting in a virile manner, so will people who cannot putt. The only infallible advice is "play for the back of the hole," or *putta fortiter*, if *putto* be a verb of the first conjugation. But it requires faith for this art, as our author says. The putter in tremendous moments must "studiously fill his mind with vacancy." It is difficult for a literary man, above all for a poet, to putt or play whist, or perhaps to make love well. His intellect will assert itself. But, as our author observes, "alas! we cannot all be idiots." Now the ideal golfer is an idiot, and "the poetic temperament is the worst for golf." If a man is the better poet the worse golfer he is, thus Sir Walter Simpson's book has consolations for some as well as counsel for all. Next time a laureate is wanted the aspirants might be taken to St. Andrews and the worst golfer chosen as the best poet. Scotch minstrels like Mr. Robert Buchanan might think this unfair, but it could hardly fail to work admirably. This is an excellent book for golfers, *et non cullites*; we do not want non-golfers on the links, and they may just as well not read the *Art of Golf*, unless, indeed, they mean to commence players.

REMINISCENCES BY THOMAS CARLYLE.*

THERE is a story of an eminent politician, now a member of the Upper House, being asked if he had read Mr. Gladstone's last pamphlet, and his replying "I hope I have." Some provocation exists to indulge in a similar feeling with regard to the continued issue of more and more books of and concerning Carlyle. When the Early Letters of Carlyle were printed under the editorship of Mr. C. E. Norton, a valuable and interesting addition of fresh matter was made towards a better knowledge of their writer; and the same remark is applicable to the correspondence of Carlyle and Goethe, edited also by Mr. Norton. But the re-issue of the Reminiscences as a sort of second edition of the volumes which appeared, when edited by Mr. Froude, in 1881, does not so entirely commend itself as a necessary proceeding. It is true that no second edition has been published of the edition of the Reminiscences which was the first of the Carlylean series appearing under the superintendence of Mr. Froude, and which came out in 1881, any more than there has been of the History of Thomas Carlyle, or of the Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle, published in 1882, 1883, and 1884, and it is presumable that the failure of any demand for further editions of these books may have been largely due to the unfavourable impression produced by the way in which their editor executed his task.

It is true that Mr. Norton's volumes are something more than a mere reprint, and that they are distinguished by some additions and omissions from those of 1881, although their contents are substantially the same. The manuscripts left by Carlyle are arranged in a different order, there is an excellent index, and maps have been supplied not only of Dumfriesshire, but of the western side of Scotland from Gretna Green to the Grampians. Mr. Norton's preface continues the strong animadversions made by him in editing the "Early Letters" upon Mr. Froude's mode of dealing with the materials in his hands and of discharging the trust confided to him by Carlyle, who gave his consent to the publication of the Reminiscences, on the condition that they should be printed with "the requisite omissions." Yet no omissions, except of a trivial kind, were made by Mr. Froude, and he retained some passages of a nature to give just offence to the relations and connexions of persons mentioned in them, and these are now with great propriety left out by Mr. Norton. Attention is also called to the fact that Mr. Froude did omit to print the solemn injunction against the publication of the paper about Mrs. Carlyle which occurs at its conclusion. Carlyle wrote at the end of what he calls his poor scrawlings and weak reminiscences, "I still mainly mean to burn this book before my own departure," but evidently he could not make up his mind to do this, and added, "It is possible the thing may be left behind

* Reminiscences by Thomas Carlyle. Edited by Charles Elliot Norton. 2 vols. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1887.

me, legible to interested survivors—*friends* only, I will hope, and with worthy curiosity, not unworthy! In which event I solemnly forbid them, each and all, to *publish* this Bit of Writing, *as it stands here*; and warn them that *without fit editing* no part of it should be printed (nor as far as I can order *shall* ever be); and that the '*fit editing*' of perhaps nine-tenths of it will, after I am gone, have become impossible." This important and significant memorandum is dated 28th of July, 1866.

Complaint, also, is made of the careless way in which the edition of the *Reminiscences* of 1881 was printed, so as frequently to do grave wrong to the sense, and in disregard of the characteristic features of the manuscript. It is stated that in the first five pages of the printed text more than one hundred and thirty corrections had to be made of words, punctuation, capitals, quotation marks, and such like; and that these pages are not exceptional.

BAUDELAIRE.*

TWENTY years and more have now passed since the melancholy death of Charles Baudelaire—a considerable space of time, and one in which mistakes and misappreciations ought to have had time to correct themselves if they have not. No doubt in many cases they have not. There is still the state of mind of that eminent English critic who proved his competence for discussing the subject by talking of "*Les fleurs de mal*" and the less excusable state of narrow-minded and straitlaced Frenchmen like M. Scherer and M. Brunetière. There is still, on the other hand, the exaggerated admiration of those young persons, who, as a (we believe unpublished) verse has it, admire

The sweet charnel-house air
Of the great Baudelaire.

And between these two there may be various stages of critical estimate. But it is a fact that Baudelaire has exercised for some thirty years a greater influence on the poets of his own country than any writer who had appeared for another thirty years before him. And it is a fact, which may indeed be denied, but can hardly be disputed, that in his work there are signs of very exceptional power, both of conception and expression, and that no writer in France who has appeared since has shown equal strength in verse. The present purpose of this criticism, like that of the book which it treats, is not polemical, but expository only, and we need therefore go no further.

We have said that the purpose of the book is not polemic. M. Crépet, its author, starts with good deserts; for he is the same M. Crépet who a generation ago planned and executed with the help of Sainte-Beuve, of Gautier, of Baudelaire himself, of M. de Banville, and of all the most brilliant poets and critics of the day (except "*Le Maître*," who was "*là-bas dans l'île*"), the best-arranged and most interesting anthology of modern times, the *Poètes Français*. He has, it seems, devoted himself since to collecting remains of his old contributor, and, besides one great haul in the papers of the late M. Poulet-Malassis, he has had many minor ones. He has thus been able to give, not indeed much unpublished work—for Baudelaire was not a ready writer, and his necessities made him publish nearly all the work that he ever got ready for publication—but some interesting letters and private memorials, and a great deal of collected information about the poet's life and character. The book is not exactly one of general interest; for it is devoted rather to destroying than to constructing a "*legend*," and it lays itself out but little for gossip. But it is important to students of Baudelaire in particular, and of literature in general, because it confirms not merely what may be called the most favourable, but also the most probable, view which had been taken of his personal character, and may be said to abolish altogether the diabolic Baudelaire of myth, leaving only a man of unfortunately unequal and undeveloped genius, with many notable foibles and some grave faults.

One thing that M. Crépet has made clear is that the fatal and terrible disease which carried Baudelaire off in early middle life, after making him almost an idiot for some months, had shown itself to the patient, at any rate, years before. Another thing is that, whether the error hastened the end or not, he had unluckily abused the "*artificial Paradise*" of opium and other drugs—a too probable fact, which Gautier and others had with more good nature than exactness denied. The new documents do not do away with Baudelaire's evil repute both as a mystifier and a *poseur*; but they distinctly suggest that both these weaknesses were probably connected with mental disease, and that they were fostered by the curiously unhealthy hotbed of Parisian Bohemianism in which from his date he was almost fatally planted. But they show also many things much more favourable to him, as, for instance, that his extravagances of conversational expression were like those of other *cérébraux* (as that fair expert Mlle. Alice Ozi called them), mere fantasies for the most part, and not very dreadful fantasies. His affection for his mother appears to have been quite as sincere as that of most Frenchmen, and a great deal less volubly sentimental. He not only did not encourage, but protested against, his friend Malassis's fancy for making dirty money by publishing dirty books. He seems to have put himself to great inconvenience to support the heroine of the sonnet "*Je t'adore à l'égal*" for years after the attractions of youthful pas-

sion had faded. Moreover, all his letters show that his devotion to literary art was a perfectly sincere devotion, which never wavered, was not in the least affected, and, despite occasional mistakes, for the most part directed itself towards the right things and persons. The book is necessarily a melancholy one, for it exhibits clearly what was only inferentially known before—the gradual destruction of a considerable faculty, partly by natural though premature decay, and partly by unwise and unhealthy indulgence. But it is so far pleasant that it makes one think better of nearly everybody mentioned in it—Baudelaire himself, Sainte-Beuve, the good-natured sinner "*Coco-Malperché*," and the rest. "*The pity of it*" rises naturally enough to one's lips, but the pity is luckily not mixed with any new disgust, and some even of the wise ones, of the grave and the precise ones, may find any disgust they had before not a little lessened.

WINDSOR CASTLE.*

ALTHOUGH a visitor to Windsor could scarcely find a more agreeable or more profitable companion than Mr. Loftie's book, it is not to be classed even with the best of guide-books. For, while it points out all that is most worth seeing in the Castle, the Park, the town, and the neighbourhood, it does a great deal more than this—it gives us the history of the Castle itself and of the most interesting of the many remarkable events that have passed within its walls, in the pleasantest fashion and at the same time with minute accuracy. Mr. Loftie describes buildings clearly and without using technicalities; and, if he sometimes passes rather quickly by architectural details, all the remarks he makes on this subject are well considered and judicious. He gives a good account of the town of New Windsor, dwelling chiefly on its early municipal history—a subject on which, of course, he speaks with special authority—and on the Windsor of Shakespeare and the Merry Wives; and treats briefly of Langley, with its early seventeenth-century library attached to the parish church, of Eton, Stoke, Burnham Beeches, and other famous places. The present edition of his book, which first appeared two years ago in the form of papers contributed to the *Portfolio*, and has since been published in a sumptuous volume, will be welcomed by many who have hitherto been deterred from purchasing it by its cost, and it is well that a work which is sure to become popular is also sure to do something to cultivate the taste of those who read it. The illustrations with which it is profusely furnished are copied and reduced from the fine series executed for it in the *Portfolio*. One or two strange, but absolutely unimportant, misprints seem to show that, though the type must have been entirely rearranged in producing this edition, the publishers cannot have given the author the opportunity of revising his work. If this is so, both he and the public have good right to complain. At the same time, there is very little that even the most captious critic can find fault with in his book as it stands.

JULIUS AND MARY MOHL.†

AS Mme. Mohl might herself have said, "*This is a very nourishing book*." Mrs. Simpson knew Mme. Mohl well, and for upwards of five-and-twenty years saw her at frequent intervals, either visiting her in Paris, in the Rue du Bac, or else meeting her in London, when Mme. Mohl would herself claim Mrs. Simpson's hospitality. Those, too, were days when the penny post had not as yet quite spoiled letter-writing, and excepting for the earlier chapters of her work where the materials had to be drawn from the recollections of friends, Mrs. Simpson is able to let both M. and Mme. Mohl speak for themselves, giving in their letters a vivid description of their lives, and whom they saw and what each said and thought.

It may be asserted without fear of contradiction that Mme. Mohl was the most remarkable Englishwoman who held a *salon* in Paris during the years that form the kernel of the nineteenth century. M. Mohl was German, but a naturalized Frenchman, and a Membre de l'Institut, "*un Allemand doublé d'Anglais*," as a friend wrote, remarkable for his wisdom in the commerce of human affairs, but most distinguished as an Orientalist. He appreciated to the full the rare social qualities of his wife, in whom, as it was generally agreed, the charm of French vivacity was stimulated by a native English originality. Mme. Mohl's parents were Scotch, but her mother, Mrs. Clarke, detesting our insular climate, settled at Toulouse. To her education at the convent school in the Provençal town her daughter Mary owed her remarkable knowledge of French, which Ampère was wont to say was as original as the character of her mind, very good, and with a flavour in it of the last rather than the present century. That her knowledge of the language was perfect was proved by the fact that on the spur of the moment she would coin words which Chateaubriand (says the authority above-mentioned) found good enough to adopt in his books.

The art that Mme. Mohl in after days brought to bear in the management of her *salon* came to her from Mme. Récamier, who,

* *Windsor Castle*. By W. J. Loftie, B.A., F.S.A. Jubilee edition. London: Seeley & Co. 1887.

† *Letters and Recollections of Julius and Mary Mohl*. By M. C. M. Simpson. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1887.

* *Œuvres posthumes et correspondances intimes de Charles Baudelaire*. Par Eugène Crépet. Paris: Quantin.

when the Clarkes first went to live in Paris, was inhabiting the celebrated apartment at the Abbaye-au-Bois, in the Rue de Sèvres:—

The Abbaye [Madame Mohl writes to a friend in 1868] was all the fashion from 1815 to 1830. The fine ladies with *écornées* reputations went to it to mend them; the ex-beauties retired to it like Madame de Sablé, "on avait tout de suite de l'esprit"; but, in 1830, all priests, convents, devotion, fell a hundred per cent. In 1831 my mother had been plagued by landlords' cheating; one had taken away the staircase, and people could only see us for three weeks by coming up a ladder. (I was edited by Cousin's agility; he was thirty-five years younger than now—so was I, even I.) I did not manage landlords in those days, so I said to my mother, "Let us try to lodge in a convent; perhaps we shall be less plagued." . . . The Young France liked an evening haunt of their own opinions, where they found also a lively young lady; besides, they were not spoiled by the fine society, who despised them. And this is the source of my intimacy with so many who are now no longer the *Jeu de France*, and some older—such as Benjamin Constant, Lafayette, Thiers, Mignet, Cousin, Scheffer, Augustin Thierry, Carrel, Victor Hugo, Ampère, and many others were glad to come and talk politics with my mother and nonsense with me. When two of these mentioned my mother's idea to Madame Récamier, whose apartment was at a discount now that religion was out of fashion, she said to them, "I should like to have these ladies *pour locataires*; tell them so."

For seven years, till Mme. Récamier's declining health called for the resumption of the larger suite of rooms, Mrs. Clarke and her daughter lived in the Abbaye, and they only left to take up their quarters in a neighbouring apartment in the Rue du Bac, overlooking the garden of the *Missions Étrangères*, which Mme. Mohl continued to occupy to the day of her death; and here mother and daughter continued to receive their friends. Those were days when people found time to be sociable, and society was not the maddening scramble that it has since become. In certain *salons* people whose tastes agreed were happy to meet each other time after time with no other entertainment than conversation. Mme. de Circourt, for instance, received six times a week at different hours—"Monday, from four to six; Tuesday, nine to twelve; Wednesday, four to six; Thursday, two to six; Friday, four to six; Saturday, four to six" (we have noted the hours, for it is curious to see how the world went then)—and she never had to complain that her rooms were deserted.

In 1846 Mrs. Clarke died, and her daughter found herself alone in the world. Perfect companionship had always subsisted between the two; they had every taste in common, and liked the same people. Mme. Mohl in after years, speaking of her mother to Mrs. Simpson, described her as having had the sweetest temper of any person she had ever known, and said that she, Mary, owed her unflinching spirits to never having been snubbed by her. About this same period, too, died M. Fauriel, who, with Julius Mohl, had enjoyed the intimacy of the home circle at Mrs. Clarke's, and no one seems to have been surprised when, after some months of delay, Mary Clarke agreed to reward the long and faithful attachment of M. Mohl by consenting to become his wife. In August 1847, very privately, the marriage took place; and, though the bride was well past fifty and the bridegroom seven years her junior, few marriages ever turned out better. Mme. Mohl to the day of her death preserved a childlike grace and gaiety of spirits that rendered the difference of age unnoticeable. Even in her latter years, when, as a very old lady, she might well have been proud to tell her age, she was always most mysterious on this point. It was a singular proof of devotion in one of the witnesses at her wedding that when, according to French custom, the clerk read out the bride's age, her friend blew his nose so loud that nobody could hear what was said. After a short honeymoon, spent in Switzerland, the Mohls returned, and took up their quarters in what had originally been Mrs. Clarke's apartment in the Rue du Bac, and immediately began the Friday evenings which, except for the interruption caused by the Franco-German War, continued regularly all the winters through down to the date of M. Mohl's death.

M. Mohl was by birth a Wurtemberger, and from childhood had been intimate with the princess who subsequently acquired fame as the "wise" Queen Sophie of Holland. Coming to Paris, in the first instance, only to prosecute his Oriental studies, he had stayed on, and ultimately naturalized himself a Frenchman, becoming Professor of Persian at the Collège de France, and one of the leading members of the Institut. Here his principal occupation at first seems to have been sitting on Committees of the Institut, and struggling to root out innumerable small abuses which had crept in and were wasting their revenues.

The following extract is from a letter written to a friend in June 1852:—

Do you recollect the man who gives his arm to ladies at the public sittings of the Institut? I find he gets two hundred and forty francs a year to keep him in *manchettes*. As he wears none now, they being out of fashion, I shall cut off the pay. Then the architect gets two hundred and forty francs a year for these same public sittings to see if the upholsterer has spread the carpet on the little staircase *secundum artem*, for which the said upholsterer gets four hundred francs a year, the carpets being ours—he only puts them down. At each sitting there is a locksmith in attendance to see if he is wanted, and a carpenter gets one hundred and sixty francs a year for putting up a certain piece of wood at the orchestra above the president's head, which piece might be nailed on once for all or omitted without a soul being the worse for it. But these are only the small fry, and bigger fish are nibbling at our poor substance.

After Mme. Récamier's death in 1848, which was shortly followed by that of her friend M. de Chateaubriand, all that remained of the once brilliant gatherings at the Abbaye-au-Bois came to Mme. Mohl's salon in the Rue du Bac. Of the many distinguished persons who met here, French, German, Italian,

Russian, and English, it would be impossible to speak in detail; but those who were of those times or who take interest in them may find the best of all accounts thereof in the letters now printed from both M. and Mme. Mohl. After the *coup d'état* of December 1851 the salon in the Rue du Bac became the rallying point of all that was anti-Imperialist. M. Mohl was fearless as he was honest, and no man ever was able to bridle Mme. Mohl's tongue. Writing to her friend Miss Carter during the week that followed those memorable December days, she says:—

I am going out this morning to take a ride to get up my spirits. But be assured that the town is as safe as London, providing you keep your thoughts entirely to yourself if they have anything honest in them, and if you choose to go to the Elysée, you will make your fortune. This is what cuts me to the quick; it is the horrible demoralizing effect this will have on a nation too apt to care for nothing but success. The people one sees are divided into two classes; one, like myself, ill with indignation and discouragement; the other, people who say, "What a good thing! this will save us from the Reds and the Socialists." Nobody cares or even pretends to be a partisan of L. N. They only rejoice that a hundred thousand soldiers will keep them safe from the democracy.

Later on when other people became dazzled with the splendour of the Imperial administration, the Mohls still refused to believe that things were done more honestly because they appeared to be crowned with success. M. Mohl was not accustomed to mince his words:—

Our master the scamp [he writes in 1860] has turned over a new leaf in his wonderful book of *charlataneries*, and now all France is to take again to making railroads, canals, harbours; build parsonages, and reward science and art; and the English are to be caught with a new *tarif* which will give Cobden great glory in Manchester and elsewhere. Villainain has written a pamphlet in favour of the Pope, which shows that his hatred of our beast is such that he adopts all his enemies; so is my wife become quite Papal, and many other people who else are little given to the approval of the red woman of Babylon. This will give you a slight idea how high passion runs here. Other Liberals like Rnan, who hate the Pope more than this fellow [id est L. N.], approve of the Roman business.

With a book of letters a reviewer has a hard task; extracts, denuded of their context and of the letters preceding and succeeding, cannot fail to read "scrappily"; and yet there is no room in a review for more than a bit here and there to serve as specimen. M. Mohl and Mme. Mohl each of them wrote as they spoke. Writing or speaking, Mme. Mohl was brilliant, witty, incisive, and full of heart; her husband was far-seeing, profoundly learned, and perfectly honest. During all the years the Empire lasted he corresponded regularly with the Queen Sophie of Holland, whom, as we have said, he had known as a child at her father's Court. Should these letters ever see the light, with the Queen's queries and answers, we may safely say that much that is still mysterious in the history of Napoleon III. might be set in an unexpected light. The Queen was in the habit of coming to Paris, and, though nominally the Emperor's guest, did not scruple to go and visit her friends in the Rue du Bac. Mme. Mohl's account of one of these visits may be quoted, the more so that some of her friends in after days made a confusion between the visit of the Queen of Holland and a certain other occasion when Mme. Mohl was presented to Queen Victoria at the Deanery, Westminster. Mme. Mohl writes of Queen Sophie's visit, to her niece, Miss Martin:—

Rue du Bac, October 7 or 8, 1867.

The next day, Saturday, I set to to dust all my best books in the little bookcase in the little room. I had on my old blue silk gown, now on its last legs, with a few rents in it, a large apron, and a duster, luckily no *papillotes*, and a not very scandalous cap, no carpet, and the house abominable, when Julie banged open the door and announced the Queen of Holland. I would not have minded her a pin, but a perfect dandy of a chamberlain and her maid of honour were really plagues, especially the gentleman. However, they all sat down, and Her Majesty graciously said that, as I would not come to see her, she came to see me. I'm afraid I behaved very ungraciously, for I said I did not know she was in Paris, as I had only just arrived. They stayed half an hour, and she was all politeness, and told Mr. Mohl in the ante-room that the Queen (*our* Queen) had told her she went on purpose to Mrs. Clark's with the idea of seeing me. Now, that was very civil and gracious of our Queen, though very odd, because if she had sent me word I should have been greatly honoured to be wherever she pleased to order me to be. But I believed she liked the fun of going a-larking and thinking that if I were there I should amuse her; but, she would not make a prim affair of it. They all like accidents, because they get so few. . . . She [the Q. of Holland] is not at the Tuileries, so I shall go with Mr. Mohl, Tuesday, to pay my respects.

For an account of the dinner party Mme. Mohl made up to meet Queen Sophie, of people who would none of them have set foot in the Tuileries, we must be content to refer our readers to the letter following the one from which we have quoted, where it may be read how it was that M. Thiers was "very tiresome." Mrs. Simpson has earned gratitude from all Mme. and M. Mohl's friends by the publication of this volume of Letters and Recollections. The materials, we should imagine, were superabundant, and the difficulty only lay in making the right selection. Where so much that is interesting is given, it is perhaps ungrateful to ask for more, but we may express our disappointment that it was found impossible to print more of Mme. Mohl's letters written during the many months she enjoyed the hospitality of the Deanery at Westminster. In conclusion we must take occasion to point out that Mrs. Simpson has allowed an unusual number of typographical errors to slip into her book, and further that she has evidently not taken the trouble to verify the names of the people mentioned. Several times over Pauthier, the Sinologist, is alluded to as Panthier; Saulcy, the archaeologist, is called Sauley; also *Flahauel* must be an error for either Flahault or Flahuel, and it is incomprehensible why the Sabæans should twice on a page be alluded to as the *Sabæna*. Lastly, even at the risk of losing the

flavour of the original, some more English phrase might be found than that where an imprisoned Bishop is described as "kept in secret" at the Conciergerie, and we are altogether averse to Mme. Mohl's being made to "weep like a calf from tender emotion."

BARTOLOZZI.*

IT is not often that an engraver is honoured by a luxurious republication of his collected works. We are not aware that such a tribute has been paid to the skill of Woollett, or Strange, or Earlom, or M'Ardell. We have, indeed, several collections of Hogarth's prints, but it is the satirist, not the engraver, whose genius they record. Something of the kind has been done for Bewick, but not half the interest would have been taken in his work as a cutter of wood if he had not also been a designer of inventive power. The more we examine into the matter, the more rare appears the distinction accorded to Bartolozzi; we are not certain that we should be going too far if we called it unique. It is, at all events, sufficiently remarkable for comment, and for inquiry as to its cause. Is it really Bartolozzi—the engraver, pure and simple—in whom the public of the day so much delight that they are ready to purchase these fine folios? Do they care so much as this for that masterly needle, and not less masterly burin, for the skilful arrangement of dot and line, for the clever management of the *roulette*, and all the subtle mysteries of the "stipple" and "chalk" manners? Can they distinguish between Bartolozzi's work and that of the Walkers, the Fieldings, the Mareouards, or any other of Bartolozzi's numerous followers or imitators, good, bad, and indifferent? We think not; still less is it for the sake of Bartolozzi's own designs, pretty as some of these were, that he has become once again a fashion. Mr. Tuer may extol his technical virtues as much as he will, and the critics may raise disputes as to his method of work; but we fear the interest of the public in Bartolozzi, as Bartolozzi the engraver, or Bartolozzi the man, or Bartolozzi the designer, is but faint. And yet, we have had several Bartolozzi exhibitions, and this is the second grand publication which has been devoted to that clever Italian who, for nearly forty years of his natural life, was the most popular engraver in England. Then, as now, probably the public cared little for his personality.

Bartolozzi is, in fact, little but a name, the label of a style associated in the public mind with pretty little pictures printed in sanguine. His fame rises and falls with fashion. Just now, when the furniture and decoration of the time of George III. is in favour, it is found that there is nothing more suitable to hang upon the walls than these soft and graceful things, which go so well with the surroundings in which they were born. The same public which a few years ago scorned the insipid allegories of Cipriani, sneered at Angelica Kauffmann, thought Stothard weak, and deemed Westall, Wheatley, and Hamilton beneath contempt, now combine to raise the price of all engravings after their works, by whomsoever executed, under the generic title of "Bartolozzi." Bartolozzi in a way gets his revenge from Time; many a reputation which he helped to make is now merged in his own. How many would know the names of De Pesaro and Colibert and many another ephemeral nonentity if their designs had not been engraved by Bartolozzi? It must be less gratifying to his shade to feel that his works are sought for somewhat indiscriminately by the crowd, and that, if it were not for connoisseurs, the engravings which he doubtless prized most highly—such as his "Death of Chatham," after Copley, the "Madonna del Pesce," after Raphael, and the "Thais," after Sir Joshua Reynolds—would probably fetch lower prices than mere decorative morsels of inferior workmanship. It is as furniture rather than as models of the engraver's art that they are principally sought. It is not Bartolozzi that is fashionable, but "Bartolozzi."

It is not to be expected, and we doubt whether it is to be desired, that all persons who buy engravings should be able to appreciate the subtleties of Bartolozzi's skill, and trace with pleasure the strength and certainty of his etched line, as in the plates after Guercino's drawings; the tenderness and completeness of his modelling in "chalk" or "stipple," as in the "Thais"; the dexterity and mobility of his burin, as in the "Madonna del Pesce"; or the way he would combine several different methods in one plate, as in the "Death of Chatham." Even in the reduced copy by the Autotype Company it can be seen how some parts of the drapery are rendered in pure line, increasing their brilliancy without destroying the tone of the whole plate, which is principally executed in the methods akin to that of soft-ground etching, of which he was so great a master. Even an expert might well be puzzled as to the way some of his effects were produced.

Nevertheless the fashion for Bartolozzi is not only an harmless one, but it also argues no little taste. The art feeling of the latter half of the eighteenth century was sincere enough, and demanded certain qualities in design which are as a rule lamentably absent from the pictures of to-day. If our great-grandfathers' sentiment was namby-pamby, it did not tolerate indecency (except now and then in the snuff-boxes of the *roué*); if they were content with drawing which was not very accurate, they required that it should be neat; if their taste in composition was conventional, it at least

demanding elegance. They did not believe in any purely English art, except portrait-painting, and, indeed, except Hogarth's satires and Gainsborough's landscapes, England had scarcely produced any. A picture or drawing by West, engraved by Bartolozzi, aptly represents this. Britannia enthroned with an exceedingly badly-drawn lion at her feet, and a horrid bust of George III. looming in the background, receives from heaven at the hands of an undressed infant a book labelled "Italy." From Italy had come all, or nearly all, they knew of art, whether Greek or Roman, architecture or sculpture, painting or decoration, music or drama; it was the shrine of pilgrimage, whether of artist or connoisseur, as, indeed, to almost the same extent it remains now. It is true that Italian art had long passed its zenith, and the taste of the Italians was in a degraded condition; but our great-grandfathers were not so conscious of this fact as we. The word pre-Raphaelite was unwritten, the schools of Bologna and Naples were in repute. Works by Carlo Maratti fetched higher prices than those of Piero della Francesca, and Carlo Dolci's were more precious than Botticelli's. They were wrong, of course, but they were at least honest in refusing to admire as art anything that was ugly or incomplete. Shortly speaking, and taking Bartolozzi as their favourite engraver, and little semi-classical compositions as the typical Bartolozzi, their taste was for the cameo, the cameo reduced to the pretty and often to the unmeaning, indulging not unfrequently in absurdities of sentiment and imbecilities of allegory, but always clinging to a certain completeness of proportion and grace of pose, a certain harmony of line and elegance of composition. Their far-off classical ideal was sufficient at least to form a style, not indeed a great one, but having enough of distinction and beauty to ensure its restoration to fashionable favour in a generation or two.

If this collection of autotypes had illustrated nothing but the semi-classical taste of Bartolozzi's time, it would not have been without its interest; but fortunately there were other artists besides his friend Cipriani, and the public cared for other things in art than nymphs and cupids. The day of Bartolozzi was also the day of Sir Joshua Reynolds, after whom the engraver executed several plates, including the ever-charming Anne and Lavinia Bingham and Lady Betty Foster, which bring us out from the artificial region of the Academy into the living world of beauty and fashion in the days when George III. was king. We get also glimpses of the stage in Hamilton's vigorous Kemble as Richard III.; we taste sentimental poetry of the eighteenth century in the same artist's "Celadon and Amelia," its connoisseurship in the interpretations of Guercino's, Guidos, and Albanis, and its strong political life in Copley's "Death of Chatham." If, indeed, Bartolozzi's work lay mainly in illustrating the talent of the band of artists, of whom Angelica Kauffmann was by far the most original and accomplished, it also reflects a good deal besides of the taste and life of a very interesting period in English history, and these volumes are not only a worthy tribute to the skill of a very accomplished engraver, but a valuable aid to the students of his time.

As to the manner in which the engravings are reproduced there is nothing to be said except praise. These engravings by Bartolozzi lose little, if anything, in the process of translation into the autotype plate, and the soft gradations of the flesh, the beautiful tone, and the various pretty tints in which the originals were printed reappear almost faultlessly in these volumes. The memoir and brief descriptions of the plates require more modified eulogium. Mr. Fagan's short *Life* is perhaps long enough, but his history of engraving before Bartolozzi is singularly meagre, beginning with the prehistoric scratchers of bones and ending with Maso Finiguerra. Of Bartolozzi's immediate predecessors and contemporaries not a word is said. Some of the descriptions of the plates are also very inadequate. This is the more to be regretted, as the book afforded scope for very interesting and useful "letter-press." What the writer means by a remark attached to Angelica Kauffmann's charming "Blindman's Buff" passes conjecture. He says the faces are "beautifully worked, almost as tender as dry point!"

THROUGH CYPRUS.*

THROUGH CYPRUS is rather a stout book of three hundred and fifty-one pages. Of this total one hundred pages are taken up with an account of how Miss Agnes Smith reached the island with her companion "Violet." Ninety-six other pages are filled with "gleanings" from the history of the country, boiled down from the works of various previous writers; which leaves one hundred and fifty-five pages to be devoted to an account of the author's trip in Cyprus. Now of the hundred introductory pages we may say that they are dull; of the ninety-six pages of "gleanings," having in recollection Mr. Hamilton Lang's admirable summary of the same subject, that they would never have been missed; and of the remaining one hundred and fifty-five, that their number might have been less.

Miss Smith started for Cyprus on Tuesday, January 11, accompanied by her travelling companion Violet; and here we may state that, to our mind, Violet is the most interesting feature of the book. She travelled, we learn on p. 4, with a rug-cover "well filled with a rug and a warm cloak, and a small flat basket containing medicines." From this we gather that Violet is of a

* One Hundred Examples of Engravings by Francesco Bartolozzi, R.A.; with a brief Memoir of Bartolozzi. By Louis Fagan, Esq. London: The Autotype Company.

* Through Cyprus. By Agnes Smith. London: Hurst & Blackett.

prudent habit of mind. As regards the costume she affected, we can only offer one scrap of information. We find, on p. 233:—"Violet, in her grey riding-habit and a little white tippet, perfectly at her wits' ends, arguing with them"—that is, the muleteers. Here we see that she must be a lady of considerable force of character, seeing that, contrary to usual experience, she can still argue when perfectly at her wits' end. On p. 247 we get also a very tantalizing glimpse of her habits in the all-important matter of diet. "Violet," says the historian, "took her usual luncheon, whilst I regaled myself with a bowl of yaïourte or sour milk." Now what is Violet's usual luncheon? It is unkind not to tell us. But let it pass. Whatever it may be, we cannot but think that she showed a wise discretion in rejecting the yaïourte or sour milk. These are the only passages directly descriptive of the habits of Miss Smith's lady friend that we can find, and the reader must fashion for them such an idea of Violet as his imagination will permit. But fortunately we are able to supplement them with some account of the adventures that befell her. Poor Violet was always in trouble, whenever anything disagreeable happened it was on her that the blow fell. Thus the two ladies suffered great rudeness from their fellow-travellers in the course of their overland journey from Paris to Marseilles, as we are sorry to say people who appear to be helpless very frequently do upon the Continent. A "French gentleman" in trying to throw Miss Smith's rugs out of the window dealt her a blow on the head with his arm which knocked her hat off and rendered her helpless. Shortly afterwards a young Englishman dropped a heavy bag on to Violet's chest "causing her almost to faint." Nor did her troubles end there, for on page 7 a man shut the carriage door upon two of her fingers, with the result that her nail came off. Thereon an English "young lady" checked the expression of somebody's sympathy by declaring that the unfortunate Violet was "pretending it." All of which is instructive, as showing what sort of treatment is likely to befall unprotected ladies when travelling in that land of politeness, France. And now for a more thrilling tale which will suffer to speak for itself:—

We were just approaching the village of Lefkoniko, and the road was as good as we could wish, when a man passed us with a mule and a donkey. I think he must have lifted his stick, for Violet's mule suddenly shied, and in an instant she rolled over its head on to the stony road. The mule walked on, lifting his hoofs carefully over her upturned face. It was a moment of intense suspense. George leaped down, and I kept groaning out something or other, fearing she might be seriously hurt, and blaming myself for having opposed a proposition that Ibrahim should walk beside her. I could not see why Violet, who had been accustomed to riding for years, and was once more courageous than I am, should need such an escort when on a level road.

George helped her to her feet, she walked a little, then lay for a few minutes on the grass, and said she thought she had only got a few bruises. She would not hear of my exchanging mules with her, but re-mounted her own, and we rode to the village, where we took luncheon under some olive-trees. We felt deeply thankful to the Almighty for her escape, especially from having been struck by the mule's hoofs.

Everybody will, we think, congratulate Violet on this fortunate issue, though, as a matter of fact, a mule will never tread upon a human being unless it is absolutely forced to do so. One more adventure and we have done. The travellers were camped in tents near a monastery with the engaging name of Chrysoroghiatissa, when it came on to rain and blow. A goat fled into the tent for refuge, and Violet, notwithstanding the terror of the situation, calmly fed it while Miss Smith ate dates. Suddenly the tent blew down, upsetting the dates. The ladies rushed into the pouring rain; but history does not say what became of the goat. Then the other tent blew down, and, in Miss Smith's expressive language, "there was nothing to protect us from the fury of the elements. I caught Violet's arm. 'Come at once to the monastery,' I said. 'You don't know the way,' she replied, looking quite confused. 'But I see it,' I exclaimed. She was very pale and half-blinded by the rain." Here, indeed, we have a tragic picture of tender woman in distress, and once more our sympathies go out to Violet. The reader will, however, be glad to learn that she was presently met by no less than twelve monks, who escorted her to the monastery, where she slept. And here, with some regret, we bid good-bye to her.

Here is a little story of these same monks of Chrysoroghiatissa:—

The monks asked if our parents were living, and were evidently pleased by the way in which we expressed our hopes of meeting them in another world, for they at once asked for our visiting-cards, and told us that they intended setting these up in their church, so that our names will always be included in their prayers to the Kyria Panagia.

The monks of Chrysoroghiatissa are evidently very easily pleased.

For the rest, the two ladies rode safely on mules round the greater part of Cyprus, and then came home again. And the things that they said and the things that they saw, and the lectures that they preached on every opportunity and in many tongues, are they not written at length in the harmless pages of the erudite Miss Agnes Smith?

FRENCH LITERATURE.

FOR Frenchmen to adopt a literary plan from other people is rather a wonderful thing. But in borrowing the idea of "English Men of Letters" the conductors of Messrs. Hachette's series (1) have, to do them justice, borrowed it very much after

(1) *Les grands écrivains français*—Victor Cousin. Par Jules Simon. *Madame de Sévigné*. Par Gaston Boissier. Paris: Hachette.

their own fashion. It would hardly be possible to choose better hands for the work than those which have been announced, or to allot them their subjects more suitably. But those subjects are treated in a manner differing considerably from the manner of most of Mr. Morley's contributors. M. Simon comes much nearer to the English model than M. Boissier, who cavalierly refers readers anxious for facts to Walckenaer and M. Paul Meunard, and strikes straight off into a discussion of the really important question whether Mme. de Sévigné was pretty or not. But in both cases the composition is much more like a long *causerie*, or *conférence*, or *discours de réception* even, than like one of our more or less solid biographical treatises, with dates and facts and titles, and a little criticism thrown in almost apologetically as a makeweight. However, the point is not comparison of this kind. Both the eminent Academicians who have taken these two volumes in hand have done their work admirably. If we think M. Simon's a little the best of the two, it is fair to remember that he had, if not the most interesting subject in itself, at any rate the subject on which it was the easiest to be interesting. So much has been written about the most charming of all letter-writers that it may well have puzzled M. Boissier how to set about a matter where *tout est dit* and where mere analysis and cataloguing of the letters would have been out of place. He has, as we have said, succeeded in solving his puzzle and in writing an exceedingly readable, spirited, and ingenious portrait of the lady and of her work—a portrait which reminds us of the best kind of eighteenth-century *éloge*, which would have made and deserved to make a reputation a century and a quarter ago, and which is quite worthy of the reputation which M. Boissier has already made now. But M. Jules Simon, bringing not merely great literary faculty, but identity of studies and tastes, and personal intimacy, to a subject which is in a way new, has some advantages, of which he has well known how to make use. The result is a singularly good sketch of one of the most curious and characteristic French figures of this century, a *littérateur*, a politician, a student of philosophy who, after many years study, spent nearly as many more in compiling memoirs of ladies of fashion in the seventeenth century, an eager patron of youth, who had an unpleasant knack of turning against the youth when they began to be famous, a generous miser, and, in a dozen other ways, an ideal subject for lovers of contrasts. Cousin has never yet been set properly before the general reader. M. Jules Simon has so set him now, and has done it so well that it would be almost impossible to do it better. The way in which the philosophical and literary criticism necessary is mixed with personal anecdote and portraiture is altogether masterly.

Two very different books on Algeria (2, 3) lie before us. The one (which we can only introduce here, and to which we shall endeavour to return) is M. Camille Rousset's introduction to his *Conquête d'Alger*, and gives the earlier years of the French invasion. It has a collection of maps, plans, and views in a separate album, which we are inclined to think a great advantage. The other is only an ordinary book of travels, but is spiritedly done and very readable, with good illustrations.

M. E. de Roberty's (4) sketch of philosophy (chiefly modern philosophy, but with references to ancient) is clearly written, and its critical remarks are not seldom acute. In endeavouring, however, to show that the new philosophy must be a synthesis of all the new knowledge he hardly has our sympathy; for it has first to be decided whether the new knowledge is in the philosophical sense knowledge at all.

M. Buisson has made a valuable contribution to scholastic, or rather pedagogic, literature in his report on the education departments of the New Orleans Exhibition (5), to which he has joined those of the London Health Exhibition of three years ago. The information contained is various and important, and the way in which it is arranged is worthy of all praise.

The sands of Tagus, the leaves of Vallombrosa, the kisses of the poets, are nothing to the works of Tolstoi (6)—that is to say, in point of number, for in other respects they are all much better and nicer things. Here is another—a tragedy in five acts and 250 pages. What is man whose breath is in his nostrils that he should write, much more that he should read, a drama in five acts and 250 pages?

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

TO speak of poetry by a mathematician must seem a dismal paradox, involving an assumption that is *primâ facie* incredible, or, at least, a didactic employment of the poetic vehicle such as poets and lovers of poetry have ever regarded as profanation. From a technical standpoint there is not much to be urged against the rhymed quatrains of Professor Minchin's *Natura Veritas* (Macmillan & Co.) To measure the incompatibility of the poetic form and the scientist's method we have only to compare this

(2) *L'Algérie de 1830 à 1840*. Par Camille Rousset. 2 tomes. Paris: Plon.

(3) *L'Algérie qui s'en va*. Par le docteur Bernard. Paris: Plon.

(4) *L'ancienne et la nouvelle philosophie*. Par E. de Roberty. Paris: Alcan.

(5) *Mémoires et documents scolaires. L'instruction publique à l'Exposition Universelle de la Nouvelle Orléans*. Par B. Buisson. Paris: Chaux, Delagrave; Hachette.

(6) *La puissance des ténédres*. Par L. Tolstoi. Paris: Perrin.

little book with Shelley's description of the voyage of Ianthé through the universe in the opening of *Queen Mab*. Both poems are inimical to the doctrines of revealed religion; but, while Professor Minchin's excursion into the stellar infinite is productive of little but speculation tending to a most dispiriting pessimism, no one can read the portion of *Queen Mab* referred to without experiencing a quickening inspiration of glory and exaltation. So much for the poetic treatment. The purpose of the poem is to substitute for the "wretched theory" of Protagoras, that man is the measure of all things, the superior scientific notion that he is little more than a helpless waif in the currents of circumstances, and that all the acquisitions of mind, the cumulative fruits of knowledge, "like melted snows will pass." Before the poet meets the mystic inhabitant of Aldebaran who is responsible for this paralysing conclusion, he relates, in a prose introduction, how he fell in with a denizen of the star Al Fard, and visited the double star Beta Cygni, and fathomed the secret of the intermittent effulgence of Algol, where he learned the futility of evolving "universal laws" from observations restricted to the solar system. These preliminary experiences may be supposed to evoke the humble state of mind necessary for the reception of the "revelations from Aldebaran" that constitute the poem. They meet "beyond the spheres in silent space":—

The Southern Cross a spot! Orion proud,
With flaming belt, a single star—and now
Where is Andromeda's continuous cloud?
What part of Space conceals the mighty Plough?

No sound that could awake a human ear—
Naught but those little waves that light the eye—
Nor come, for countless ages, planets here—
Naught but some shrunken comet crawling by.

Here the wanderer from Aldebaran interprets the scheme of nature, not without vain protestations on behalf of his race from his earthly listener, until the latter is compelled to feel there is little left for him but to despair and die. The scene suggests the old Tempter in a new guise, and a much too easy victory for the agnostic, especially in the argument of certain rather Mephistophelian stanzas (p. 45), which need not be quoted, as they comprise some of the commonplaces of every freethought lecturer.

More orthodox paths are pursued by various minor bards, lyrical and dramatic. *Verses of a Prose Writer* (Edinburgh: Douglas) is the modest title of a volume of pleasing and wholly unaffected poetry by Mr. J. A. Noble. The saving grace of simplicity belongs to the greater number of these lyrics, to the oft-uttered, unsatisfied longing expressed with admirable directness in "The Horizon," and to the more elaborate and slightly Wordsworthian stanzas "The Brooklet." Historical drama is represented by *Wiclif* (Oxford: Thornton). The figure of the patriot reformer in the play is not without impressiveness, and the scenes based on history are skillfully devised. The drama wants the movement and actuality that form the animating principle of a stage-play, owing to the author's presentment of the chief character. It is not as an actor in stirring times, but as a great influence on those times, that Wiclif is presented; hence the play is pictorial in design rather than dramatic.

The New Chum in the Queensland Bush (Oxford: Vincent) is in some ways an unconventional traveller's book. Mr. Walter Tyrwhitt, the author, does not trouble the reader with a log of the voyage, or the story of the first Australian settlements, or statistics of the growth of Melbourne or Brisbane. He gives a lively and obviously unadorned account of life in the Queensland bush, among stockmen, drovers, and squatters, and his observations, whether they relate to colonial industries or sport, possess the freshness and force of first impressions.

An attractive volume of well-chosen extracts and excellent photographs is *The Queen's Birthday Book* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), compiled by Mary F. P. Dunbar.

The solitary card-player who knows only the old game of Patience should be grateful to Mr. Walter Wood for *The Book of Patience* (Allen & Co.). Here are two-and-thirty games described and illustrated with diagrams for the delectation of the unfortunate individual who lacks a partner. Indeed, the scope of the book may well be greater than is implied by the title. When cribbage ceases to charm and piquet palls, two players will find excellent diversion in these games by making a match against time.

The Catechist's Prayer-Book (S. P. C. K.) is a useful little handbook compiled by the Rev. Edward M. Holmes, designed to illustrate the true relations between the ancient and revised offices of morning and evening prayer in the Church of England. The expository comment will be found a valuable aid to teachers, as it summarizes in lucid form the information necessary to the right understanding of the Book of Common Prayer.

Reprinted from the *Weekly Register* we have a readable little sketch of a great subject in the Rev. Ethelred Taunton's *History and Growth of Church Music* (Burns & Oates).

It is encouraging to receive new editions of several reprints in Professor Morley's "Universal Library" (Routledge & Sons). The evidence that good literature at low prices has a ready sale is likewise of the right kind. Thus we have a fourth edition of the *Table-Talk* of Coleridge and a third of the interesting volume *Ideal Commonwealths*—books that might naturally be supposed to appeal to few. We have also received second editions of Scott's *Letters on Demonology* and of the capital

selection from the "Gesta Romanorum," Lockhart's "Spanish Ballads," &c., in *Medieval Tales*.

Among our new editions are Dr. Knighton's *Struggles for Life* (Williams & Norgate); an English translation of M. Daudet's *La Belle Nivernaise*, &c., with the original illustrations by Montégut (Routledge & Sons), and *Alice; or, the Mysteries in the "Pocket Volume Edition"* of Lord Lytton's novels (Routledge & Sons).

We have also received *Noble Workers*, a series of short biographies for young people by Frances E. Cooke (Sunday School Association); *A Song of Love and Liberty*, by G. H. Addy, a Jubilee hymn in rather jerky metre (Field & Tuer), and *The Two Crosses*, by J. W. Nicholas (Bristol: Arrowsmith), a "shilling dreadful" of unutterable impotency, both as to style and design.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

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